TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The reception accorded to Mayor Clark last Saturday night proved that he has a hold upon the public heart and that he is believed in and esteemed by a very large percentage of our citizens. His remarks in reply to the address which was presented to him were remarkable for the generosity with which he gave the credit of the successes he attained at London to Treasurer Coady and the Canadian friends who rallied to his assistance while he was there. Many men would have been so elated by success and the acclamation of fellow citizens that they would have indulged in boastful periods and a weary iteration of what "I have done." The modest remarks made by the Mayor, his eulogies of others, the kindness and consideration he showed to those about him, were in marked contrast to the envious carpings of those who in his absence endeavored to blacken his record and steal from him the credit he so thoroughly deserves. Some of those who would like to be his opponents if they dare have been continually talking from the house tops of what they have accomplished. The *Telegram*, which has lost no opportunity of belittling his achievements and impugning his motives, never speaks of his failure to accomplish good for the city without calling attention to its own praiseworthy gifted and patriotic course. If modesty bespeaks merit surely then the mayor is meritorious while his loud-mouthed enemies are but blatant.

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Of course the mayor's opponents argue that all this modesty is carefully calculated and intended for effect, but to believe it one would have to doubt the manliness of all men and the impulses of everyone who has a public position. I happened to be among the score of intimate friends who accompanied the mayor to his home after the reception, and may take the risk of being accused of divulging episodes which do not belong to the public, but which seemed to me to so well illustrate the man's character, that I intend to take the liberty of mentioning them. When he entered his home, the first to greet him was a white-haired old lady, one whose age has long been sheltered by his strong arm, his mother. With her hands clasping his face she kissed him over and over again and sobbed with joy to see her son safely home again. The utter forgetfulness of everybody and everything around him, his love for his old mother and family would have made me believe in him if I had not had full confidence in him before. There for a couple of hours we had a pleasant chat with the Mayor and Treasurer Coady, and the former with none but friends about him, and amidst kindly praise of those who have always known him and liked him and intend to stick to him, he was not betrayed into a single expression which did not harmonize with his public utterances. He pushed his confrere to the front, told how much his friends had done for him when negotiating a loan, showed his consideration for everybody, and seemed to make a point of interrupting the conversation when it turned in a complimentary way towards himself. It is by these things that we can best judge a man. People are always ready to say a man is hard and selfish and grasping and time-serving and a professional politician and all sorts of things, but when we know him and see how natural and lovable a man is we can tell better than if we know nothing of him save in a public capacity. It has been alleged that Mayor Clarke tries to appoint his friends to office and if his friends are worthy of his confidence it would be perfectly right if he did, but if those who are continually hinting at plots to give place and preferment to the personal favorites of the Mayor were to endeavor to point out a single instance where his private likings have influenced him to make an appointment injurious to the public good they would utterly fail. No Mayor that Toronto has had within my memory has been so free from a tendency to put his relatives, log rollers and henchmen into office as Mayor Clarke has been, and it is repulsive to generosity and good taste to see fault-finders who are continually endeavoring to do him harm by making insinuations which are not borne out by fact, but which are entirely opposed not only to his course, but to the policy of his friends who take a pride in him, believe in his future, and have refrained from pressing any real or imaginary claims upon him. I was glad to see on Saturday that the *Telegram* seeing the futility of its opposition, admitted that he can be mayor again, and on the other hand, I am sure that he won't want to be mayor any longer than the position will enable him to serve the public with the honest disinterestedness which has marked that portion of his administration which is in the past.

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Attention has been called by more than one paper to the resignation of Mr. Prendergast from the Manitoba Cabinet, because his colleagues have seen fit to make the abolition of the dual language in public schools a portion of their policy. His course has certainly been in marked contrast, with that of such men as Mackenzie Bowell, who owe their prominence and executive positions to the Orange men of Ontario, yet they quietly retain their places in the Dominion Government, even though that Government acquiesced in the allowance of such acts as the Jesuit Estates Bill. The Hon. Mackenzie Bowell evidently feels that he would rather remain a Cabinet Minister and be the recipient of the handsome stipend attached thereto, than to be a martyr to the Protestant principles which he professed with such warmth when in pursuit of that bubble reputation and the more substantial perquisites of office. The resignation of Mr. Prendergast shows us that the French-Canadians demand entire loyalty and instant service in season and out of season, which the English speaking section does not even expect from their representatives. If the representatives of the English speaking people and those who claim to voice the sentiment of Protestantism are so dull in their perceptions and so ready to accept compromise, it is not wonderful that we are badly served while the French-Canadian members are so devout. Either we do not believe in the very noisy professions we make or else we are betrayed by those who represent us. That the French-Canadians do believe in the justice of their cause and its ultimate triumph is demonstrated by the instant punishment of the very rare examples of unfaithfulness on the part of their representatives.

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The question whether it is ever right to temporize with wrong, or at least how far we are justified in using expedients to delay a conflict with evil until we are prepared, or think we are prepared to overthrow it, is made difficult by the sophistry of those who imagine they may profit by delay or ultimately be enabled to abandon any pretense of bringing the matter to an issue by simply declaring that the evil has become so firmly rooted that a struggle with it would mean certain defeat. In the abstract it is always recognized that there is but one course open to those anxious to do right, and that is to fight evil wherever one finds it, without compromise or evasion. The doing of evil that good may come, is the pretence of those who desire to do evil, and cloak their tendencies with a pretended affection for good results. There are some, perhaps, who carry the idea of declaring war with evil to an absurd extent, who believe it their duty to reprimand people whose conduct they have not the slightest right to shape, and thus violate good taste and the amenities of life by continually introducing religious views at inopportune moments. The great trouble with these people is that they assert to themselves the right to decide what is good and what is evil, though they are aware that those whom they are attempting to direct hold very opposite views—views which have been endorsed in the past or which are now tacitly held by the vast majority of mankind. These people are nuisances and their zeal does not excuse their impertinence.

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But in matters of government, where the nation is being conducted on old and well-established lines, where fundamental principles are at stake, where the right or the wrong of the matter has been decided by the experience of centuries and has been accepted by that portion of the world which we consider has the highest civilization, it is not egotistic for people to hold very decided views nor impertinence for them to assert them. In the matter, for instance of the French language in Manitoba, over which the *Globe* and the *Mail* have been quarreling as to the the question of expediency, there can be no mistake as to what is right and proper. There is no contention, except by the small minority whose prejudices are concerned as to the injustice of maintaining French and English as the official languages of Manitoba. None of those who are contending go so far as to assert that it is even a convenience to the minority, as those in the Northwest who can speak nothing but French cannot read at all, as a rule, while those who can read, can read English as well as French. The Separate School system has been shown to be exceedingly oppressive to the Protestant majority who are being forced to pay, not only for the education of their own children, but to perpetuate the prejudices of the minority and provide them with a much inferior order of education. The nationalization of the schools of Manitoba has been proven beyond a peradventure to be necessary in justice to the majority. Now where does the *Globe's* contention come in that it possibly may not be an opportune time for the Greenway government to attempt to reform these abuses? It intimates that the cause of one language and one school system, though a noble policy in itself, may drive the present administration from power. It assumes that such a result, inasmuch as it would place the "Macdonald ringsters" in control, might delay the good work and "the consummation to be devoutly hoped for" for many years, if not make it impossible for ever. There is nothing in the contention. No matter how it may surround its words with cunningly-framed provisos, it has in effect advised Mr. Greenway to abandon what is right, lest he may lose power in endeavoring to be just and worthy of the trust which has been reposed in him by the people of his province.

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If those who have wrested from ignorance, superstition and tyranny the privileges which we now enjoy had made Expedience their guide, had temporized with evil until some more favorable hour, had waited to begin battle until their armies could overwhelm those of Wrong, we would still be serfs, Liberty would be a fugitive and Christianity would not have a single martyr nor a solitary exponent. If Paul and Silas had waited till public opinion at Philippi had become ready for their preaching they would not have preached at all, nor would the Philippian jailer's celebrated question have been asked. If Paul had waited until Rome was anxious to hear him preach he would have decided that the preaching of the gospel was "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the Greeks foolishness," and in Rome a dangerous experiment, and would have died a Pharisaical dude or an itinerant tent-maker, instead of going down in history as one whose life work is second only to that of our Saviour himself. If Luther had consented to see the church becoming more profligate every day until he had the majority of the electors on his side, if he had lived till now would have been still hawking about a petition for the suppression of the sale of indulgences, and would not have made his journey to Worms, which he said he was determined to take if there were as many devils on the road as tiles on the housetops. Huss and Wycliffe had they followed this plan would have laid low and kept a saloon until the people of England got ready, and the burning zeal of all the martyrs to whom we owe so much, had it acknowledged nothing more noble than the ethics of the *Globe* would not have ended amidst faggots and flames. If Scotch Covenanters had been as willing as some modern apostles to cloak their departure from principle and the acceptance of the evil laws of the time, quieting their consciences by shouting for the observance of a dead Sabbath while standing by and witnessing the crucifixion of living principles, the history of Scotland might have been different and the Presbyterian Church would have had no history at all. As far back as history reaches great movements have been begun by small minorities and great men are those who have been willing to suffer by beginning a fight before the times were ripe. It is in this way that times are ripened. If everybody had crawled under the barn at the approach of the enemy there would have been no fighting, and by simply burning the barns all the cowards and heretics could have been cleaned out at once. It is the men who stay out in the open and fight, who are esteemed worthy of a place in history. It has been by fighting and showing that the principles they believed in were worthy of espousal that the eyes of the world have been opened, and converts have been made and the attention of the world has been riveted. I knew an old gentleman once who from early wrongs inflicted upon himself and family, became a very bitter Grit, and he used to tell me that "it was the Tories who crucified Christ, and they have crucified every good man and good measure ever since." I don't agree with his classification, but I do hold that time-servers, believers in expedients have crucified more good men and good measures than have ever been put to death by those who were opposed to them. Thousands of men have started out full of zeal for the right, ready to suffer and if need be, die for a noble cause, and yet before the meridian of life had been reached they dropped out of sight, became broken-hearted, discouraged, or, worse still, recreant to their ideas of duty and friendship, hand and glove with those people and those ideas which they had denounced. No one imagines that these men were converted by the bitter opposition of their enemies; that sort of thing but feeds the fuel of determination. How is it then that so many who start right abandon the pursuit of justice and progress? It is because of their mean-spirited companions who, while agreeing with the righteousness of the cause, are continually whispering in their ear "Wait; the time is not ripe! You are sacrificing your future for a fad! You will never accomplish anything! People are laughing at you!" It is indeed these time-servers who are holding back the wheels of progress, plucking at the sleeve of courage, and clinging about the legs of millions of warriors that Right might have if they had not to trample over their friends to get within sight of the enemy.

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The *Globe* has often lamented the apathy of the Canadian people. For lo! these many years it has been unable to understand how people born with the incense of liberty within their nostrils could endure the wicked and reckless reign of Sir John Macdonald. In the old days the *Globe* used to fight, and more than once scored a victory, but of late years it has simply bemoaned this apathy, while within its own party it has counselled not a brave and uncompromising fight for right, but a waiting till the times were ripe—a waiting, in fact, till Sir John died or the country went to the dogs. The effect of this policy can be seen if we glance over the fields where the Liberal legions have fought and see the skeletons of those who have died, not in honorable battle but waiting for the enemy to be struck with the plague, or its generals to be called hence. Ottawa is the Golgotha of Liberalism, filled with the skulls of men who have hung around Parliament, scared to have a principle, frightened to espouse any good cause, and of all their leaders the only man held in respect is old Alex. Mackenzie, who stuck to a principal even though it retired him to private life. The record of the party—the wreck of the party—is not such as should lead Premier Greenway to listen to the feeble counsels of those generals, who seem to think of nothing but preparations for flight, instead of devoting themselves to plans of attack. Just now Messrs. Greenway and Martin, loom up as the only men in the Liberal party who have a single sample left of the old-fashioned principles. The Conservative party to-day is the radical party, the party of progress, the party that believes in the country and in itself, and instead of Manitoba politicians taking counsel of the *Globe* the *Globe* should send one of its reporters to Winnipeg to examine the principles held by Messrs. Greenway and Martin with instructions to report on the advisability of importing a good stalwart section of them into the *Globe* office, which, as a sort of a nest egg, might coax those who are doing so much cackling now to begin laying something.

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The conundrum of the *Globe* is "what will the Manitoba Tories do?" It thinks they will at once coalesce with the French and thus succeed in defeating Greenway. I don't think so. If they do it they are no good. More Grits will take fright and run away from the Premier

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in their haste to join the French movement and thereby make themselves solid, than Torias will. Manitobans are a courageous and independent people. The prairies and new associations have given them broader views than are entertained by some of the people of the hide-bound East. Greenway may make a new deal, and secure the support of a majority of the Conservatives; there may be a coalition government. But if he abolishes the dual language and the pestiferous Separate School system he shall have accomplished more than all of his wobble-jointed critics will bring about from now till Doomsday.

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Hamilton's carnival has been a great success and the people of that place who have been accustomed to think that Toronto newspapers are given to jealousy and to belittling the Ambitious City have only to look at the full reports and high encomiums given by the press of this city to their worthy enterprise to be convinced that they have had the sympathy and have merited the appreciation of Toronto. Nor should the success of their effort be without a lesson to ourselves. Ever since the first of July and the successful effort then made by Toronto I have been reiterating the necessity for a grand summer carnival in Toronto in 1890. Now that our citizens have been enabled to see the enormous benefit the carnival has been to the Hamiltonians I feel encouraged to re-open the question and to again suggest that Toronto begin immediately after our Industrial Fair to prepare for summer festivities on a most magnificent scale. Twenty five or thirty thousand dollars granted by the city and as much more raised by the citizens, would ensure such a gigantic success that the whole of North America would hear of the splendors of our summer and our city. Every department upon which we pride ourselves should be organized to contribute evidence to the visitors that we believe in the supremacy of Toronto in Canadian affairs. Our militia, our school system, our police and fire brigades, our shipping and our aquatic sports, our music can be shown to the world as unequalled by any other city of the same size, surrounded by the same conditions.

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We once attempted a musical festival in Toronto and it was a success. If we tried it again it would be a much greater success. Frequently I have urged a dramatic festival, and in conversation the other day with Mr. O. B. Sheppard, manager of the Grand Opera House, he told me if Toronto had a summer carnival he would bring such a galaxy of talent to his theater as has never been seen playing together in America. I urged the idea of a Shakesperean revival in which Booth, Barret, Mojeska and other lights of the stage might appear together in Shakesperean plays. I believe such a combination would attract the most cultured people from all over Canada to the city, and he assured me that he would do his part to make the festival heard of throughout the United States by providing such a summer entertainment as had never yet been devised in America. It only requires a union of forces to give Toronto a week of festivity such as never marked the progress of any similar city. That it would be profitable to us all is plainly to be seen, because the visitors who would be attracted would be of such a class as would freely spend their money amongst our merchants, and the diversity of enjoyment offered would be so great that every town and hamlet would contribute, not of one class only, but of all classes who have a few dollars to spend, and it would bring to us really more immediate prosperity than anything we have yet tried. More than this, it would be an advertisement of the city. Those who came here to spend a few days might be led to make it their home. Tourists going to their favorite watering places would come this way and help fill up Muskoka and benefit the whole province. I think the citizens of Toronto cannot begin to talk about this matter and to make plans for carrying out the idea any too soon.

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The discussion of the famous Maybrick poisoning case has elicited the fact that Mrs. Maybrick is the bad daughter of a bad mother. It seems to have been the habit with these women to poison objectionable husbands and to experiment with new ones. Perhaps, if the shadow of crime and wantonness had not rested darkly over the head of the mother the daughter's life and fate might have been vastly different, and it suggests the responsibility a mother should feel that her life should be such as not only to merit for herself a place amongst the good, but to afford such an example to her daughters as will lead them to prize virtue and domestic happiness above the allurements and excitements of intrigue and immorality. There seems superficially to be no reason why a woman should not be allowed the same latitude as a man. It seems a shame that those social sins which are forgiven in the male sex should forever ostracize the woman from society. It is doubtless unjust, and yet a woman's responsibilities are greater and her temptations are less than those of a man. If she is domestic in her habits but few temptations assail her, while mankind has to mix with all sorts and conditions of people, and these surroundings have a distinctively demoralizing effect. If women have the same surroundings their purity is apt to suffer. I have a great deal of sympathy for women. I think I could forgive what are ordinarily supposed to be unforgivable sins if temptation was forced upon the sinner, but if they went out hunting for trouble and forgetting the clause in the prayer which asks Him to lead them not into temptation, I should feel for them no more pity than for men. Florence Maybrick and her mother seem to have been of this class. They wanted to be tempted, and when this is recognized, temptations come fast enough.

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A leading city physician told me the other day, without mentioning any names, that in his practice he had never before met with so many pathetic and heart-breaking instances of the result of woman's frailty and man's duplicity as had come to his notice within the past year. "I wish you would say," said he, "that the occupants of the boat-houses along the bay front are leading more young girls to ruin than you or I dare compute. I am oppressed with this idea because within the last three days I have had three instances come to my knowledge professionally, and perhaps if you will say it, if you tell mothers this without any sensationalism, they will enquire a little more into where their daughters spend their evenings." I have given his message. This is not the sort of thing with which I ordinarily deal but it is one which should certainly be brought to the attention of those careless parents who let their young sons and daughters roam about at all hours of the night seeking for the temptation, whether they know it or not, for the avoidance of which they have been taught to pray.

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The following have contributed to the Children's Fresh Air Fund:

Previously acknowledged	851 30
Out of Town	1 00
Goderich	1 00
Two Friends	4 00
Commercial Traveler	50
Total	857 80

DON.

Social and Personal.

Socially town is a desert; the exodus is complete. As society jargon has it, "Nobody is in town." I am frequently told that in no former year has the desertion been so complete, but then for many years past I have heard the same assertion. Whether it is true of this summer or not, it is certain that the social tide is at its lowest ebb, and that a very few weeks will witness it beginning to set in once more. I am able to give the whereabouts of some of our people; it is quite impossible to keep track of them all.

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Sir Alexander Campbell, since his return from England, has been the guest of the Hon. George and Mrs. Allan, at the latter's summer place, Strathallan, near Barrie, but was expected to return to town yesterday.

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Miss Campbell and Miss McInnis have been staying with Mr. Sandford Fleming at Halifax, but are now at Quebec for the purpose of participating in the festivities, which the arrival of the fleet, and the presence of the Governor-General, are bringing about at the latter port.

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Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bell are investigating the much talked of beauties of Prince Edward Island, but are expected back in town next week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, and Mrs. Geo. Torrance, have been staying for some time at the Iroquois House at St. Hilaire, near Montreal, and of which Mr. Bruce Campbell, of social fame in Montreal, is the popular manager. Mesdames Boulton and Torrance have made themselves exceedingly popular in the east, and more than one German which they have been instrumental in contriving has been attended by many of the *elite* of Montreal, and has been in all ways most successful.

*

Prof. Ashley, of the Toronto University, is summering on the island which he has recently purchased in Lake Joseph, and among his guests is Miss Hill, his cousin, a lady who is seeking a well-earned rest from her well-known labors, both literary and philanthropic, in London, Eng.

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Professor Hutton, another of the staff of the University who usually spends his summer in Muskoka, is, with Mrs. Hutton, in England. Mr. Hutton's charming cottage near Beaumaris, he has let for the season to Mr. and Mrs. English of Toronto.

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Mr. Hugh Montgomery and Miss Montgomery are staying with relations in New Brunswick.

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Mrs. Stephen Heward with Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Elton Heward are at Edinswold, her summer residence near Orillia. Among Mrs. Heward's present guests are Mrs. Edward Jones and the Misses Boulton.

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Amidst the recording of so many absentees it is pleasant to be able to announce that one of our popular houses once more contains its master and mistress. Sir David and Lady Macpherson returned from the continent of Europe a short time ago and are now at Chestnut Park.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Campbell of Carbrooke and Miss Campbell are in England, but Longuissa, their place on the Georgian bay, where for the last two summers they have entertained so many fashionable Torontonians, has not been closed. This beau ideal of a summer place has been lent for the season to Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, and the latter's guests, although not quite so numerous as under Mrs. Campbell's regime, have still been many.

*

Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch are amongst the many people who are staying at the new hotel near Penetanguishene.

*

Rev. Edward Cayley and Mrs. Cayley are at their island in Lake Rosseau. Rev. Mr. Roper Mr. George Burton and Mr. Hugh Langton have been their guests recently.

*

Mrs. John Boulton, with some some of her family, is at Glenlonely, her usual place of summer resort.

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There can be but few of the incumbents of the English Church, whose duties are more exacting than those of the Rev. Mr. Podmore. This gentleman holds five or six services every Sunday in Muskoka, and at points pretty far distant from each other. It is to be hoped that the rowdy crew of campers who last Sunday turned the interior of one of his churches upside down, shortly before his arrival to hold a service in it, will be prosecuted in due course, and that imprisonment without the option of a fine will be the result of their brutal act of desecration.

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Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin are expected back from England next week.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Blake, with their family, are at present at their house at Murray Bay, Province of Quebec. The feat of two youthful scions of this family has been the talk of all who knew of it. Sailing from Toronto in one of those boats known as "Mackinacs," they reached Murray Bay after sixteen days, but at one time encountered such bad weather that they had to cut away one of their masts.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are occupying the model Muskoka house, which Mr. Cockburn, M.P., has built on his island in Lake Rosseau. The Misses Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron and several other Toronto people, are their guests at the present time.

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Mr. H. D. Gamble is in England, but is expected home in two or three weeks.

*

Mrs. Meyrick Banks was expected to arrive in Canada this week from Europe. Before coming home to Chestnut Park this lady will probably make a short stay at Quebec and also at Kingston.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore of Sherbourne street are doing Banff and British Columbia.

*

The Hon. John Beverly Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson are at Governor's Island, Lake Joseph, and have been entertaining their usual number of guests. Among the more recent of these have been Mr. Fox, Captain Wise, Mr. Reginald Thomas and Miss Merritt.

*

Mr. and Mrs. McLean of Bloor street are at their island on Lake Rosseau.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mrs. Hamilton Merritt are staying at Selkirk, a small place on Lake Erie, which seems to have many charms of its own.

*

Miss Emily Benson of Port Hope has been for some time the guest of Col. and Mrs. Otter at the New Fort.

*

The Misses Strange of St. George street are staying with friends at a watering place near Boston.

*

Mr. Robert Horsfall Clark, son of Rev. Prof. Clark, L.L.D., of Trinity College, arrived in Toronto last week from London, England. Mr. Clark will doubtless be a great acquisition to Toronto society during the coming winter.

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The Horticultural Society, at Port Sandfield, Muskoka, held their annual show on the grounds of the Prospect House on Thursday last, and as usual attracted a large crowd. Visitors to Muskoka, as a rule, have a very poor idea of its products and are fairly astonished at the variety displayed at this exhibition. Ferns there are without number, wild flowers, mosses, vegetables, and especially apples, which are particularly fine, and in great variety. The exhibitors showed great taste in fixing up the pavilion, also in the display of mosses, arranged very prettily as a country scene, with a rivulet running through. The garden scenes also attracted great attention. Apart from this, the society held a regatta in the afternoon, the races were closely contested, and there was much amusement in seeing the greasy pole contest, swimming races, etc. In the evening a grand ball, which was well attended, wound up the day's sport, which reflects great credit on the society.

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Miss Mary Wakefield and Miss Annie Cordingley have returned to West Toronto Junction after spending the summer around Georgian Bay and parts of Muskoka.

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A most enjoyable hop was given at Windermere House, Muskoka, Friday, Aug. 16. Several parties came from different points on the lakes. Dancing was kept up till a late hour. Among those who attended were: Mr. and Mrs. Sheriff Mowat, Mrs. Alex. Nairn, Miss Aggie Nairn, Miss J. Thomson, Mrs. W. E. Whitehead, Mrs. Tuckberry, Misses E. Morrison, Kate McDiarmid, Lottie Gale, E. Brown, M. Fisher, Clara Eakin, Messrs. Whitney Mockridge, J. W. Kerr, J. Y. Reid, W. P. Haldane, W. Parsons, E. E. Rutherford, Percy Manning, F. Lugsdin, D. McKay, Jr., J. Heward, etc., of Toronto; Mrs. T. Hood, the Misses E. and M. Hood, Miss Dalley, Miss N. Zealand, Miss A. Vallance, Messrs. G. Robinson, L. A. Moore, A. Birge, S. Livingston, E. Livingston, J. Mockridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Punchon of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Coe and Miss Clarke of Memphis, Tenn.

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The Misses Martin of Parkdale returned on Saturday from a three weeks' visit to Old Orchard, Maine. They were on the ill-fated train which was wrecked at Forest Lawn on Saturday morning.

*

Miss Score has returned from Port Perry, where she has been rusticating for the past two months.

*

Mr. J. P. Clark and family have returned to Toronto from Bass Island, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, where they have been spending their summer vacation.

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Mrs. J. Weicher and Miss Gerty Weicher, leave to-day for Mexico, sailing by S. S. Saratoga from New York, where they will spend the winter months.

*

Mr. David H. Wilson of Edgewood, Queen's Park, has just returned from a trip through England, Ireland and the continent. He says the time he had is just about as high as the Eiffel Tower.

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A pleasant camping party, comprising the following ladies and gentlemen, spent the holiday season very pleasantly at Gilchrist's Bay, Stony Lake: Mrs. Willie McDonnell, Misses Halliday, A. Halliday, B. Brown, Millie Beck of Peterboro', Miss Schofield of Lakefield, Miss Cunningham of Fenelon Falls, Misses Lottie and Daisy Eyre of Cobourg, Misses Bella and Barbara Roddick and Miss Burnham of Port Hope, Mlle. Villhaume of Berne, Switzerland, Messrs. C. W. Brown, V. Halliday, F. & H. Dumble, K. Hall, J. A. McClellan, T. G. Haultain, G. A. Schofield and Master Willie McDonnell of Peterboro', Mr. P. K. Brown of Montreal and Mr. W. H. Schofield of Lakefield.

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Mr. William Black, formerly of Elliot & Co., Front street, now of New York, is in the city visiting his friends.

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Mrs. Gordon and family of Charles street have returned from Burlington Beach.

*

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hollwey of St. James' avenue, are visiting at Lachute, Que.

*

Mr. V. Perrie Hunt, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, since the closing of the summer term, is recruiting at Brighton Beach, Coney Island.

*

Mr. George Hector and Mrs Hector of London, Eng., were in town last week. Mrs. Hector played but little tennis, but in the sets in which she was seen showed what a crack lady lawn-tennis player can do. Methinks there are but few of our male players who, in a match with this lady, could give a good account of themselves.

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Hon. Alex. Morris and Mrs. Morris have been entertaining many of their friends from Toronto at their beautiful island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

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I should like to call the attention of those whom it may concern, that many of the thousands travelling to and from Muskoka, are in want of a good large map of the lakes. Such a map is, I believe, published by the railway company but neither on the train or the boat is it at present possible to obtain it. The only map offered by the news agents is small and inadequate, while it is also bound up in a book of description and fancy views.

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The Baron and Baroness Von Heitzler of Darmstadt, Germany, were in Toronto for a few days this week. This lady and gentleman are on their way round the world, via British Columbia and Japan, but have been persuaded to delay their journey for a short time in order to pay a visit to Muskoka.

*

Many fashionable people will return to town earlier this year than usual, so as to be present at the wedding of Miss Jones and Mr. Gamble Geddes. This interesting event will take place on September 16 or 17, and will probably be the first wedding in St. James Cathedral after the completion of the restoration of its interior. Amongst the brides maids are to be Miss Bessie Jones, Miss Greer, Miss Yarker, and Miss Merritt.

*

Another wedding, which will be equally interesting to society, will be that of Miss Mabel Heward to Mr. Williams, R.E. This marriage also will be solemnized in the Cathedral, and, although the day is not yet settled, it will probably be some time in October.

*

The following are the latest arrivals at Maplehurst hotel, Muskoka: Mr. Charles Parkin, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dangerfield, the Misses Dolly and Netty Slack, Miss McGill, Mrs. C. W. Smith, Miss Duncan, Miss Hubley, Miss Elliott of Pittsburg; Messrs. N. Gordon Bigelow, J. G. Gibson and Miss Green of Toronto; Miss Soyage of Hamilton, Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Lazelle, Mr. H. G. Lazelle, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Reid and Mrs. Coatsworth of Buffalo.

*

Mrs. Willie Banks last Saturday afternoon gave a most enjoyable lawn tennis and musicale party at her beautiful residence at Balmy Beach. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated by Chinese lanterns suspended from the trees. Music was the programme for the evening and the amount of talent ready to respond when called upon was surprising. Miss Reynolds sang with good style Marguerite. Miss Geikie, whose number is always looked forward to on a programme, won for herself a well merited encore by her thorough mastery of the violin. Mr. Paul Jarvis was splendid in his recitation, which continually kept the audience in laughter. Mr. Harry Jarvis who has won golden opinions sang with artistic taste and feeling and was encored. Mr. Hirschfelder played a violin solo very tastefully rendered, also the violin and flute and piano selection by Miss Ethel Geikie, Dr. Geikie and Mr. Hirschfelder. Miss Hooper played a piano solo in a very creditable manner. Mr. Woods sang two songs which were well rendered. Among those who were there were Mr. and Mrs. Leys, Miss Crampton, Mr. and Mrs. Jon Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. McMichael, Mrs. and Miss Winstanley, Miss Sophie Dalton, Miss Edith Dalton, Misses Laura and Ethel Geikie, Mrs. and Miss Barker, Miss Constance Jarvis, Messrs. Bourlier, Dr. Geikie, Hirschfelder, Woods, Houston, Harry Jarvis, Paul Jarvis, Barker.

*

The following guests arrived at Beaumaris Hotel last week: Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart and children of Toronto; Mr. J. A. Wallace of Brantford; Messrs. G. H. White, R. C. Walker and James Vance of Ingersoll; Messrs. Edward Randall, C. B. Gibbs, Richard H. Stafford, W. M. Citerler of Buffalo; Mr. John McCay, Mrs. Bellhouse and Miss McIlwraith of Hamilton; Mr. A. E. Muller of Berlin; Mr. J. W. B. Topp of Bracebridge; Mr. S. Wylie McKeown of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Miles and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Varmun and daughter of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. S. M. Toy, Miss Carrie Bright, Miss Florie E. Bright, Mrs. James Grand, Mr. J. B. Allen of Toronto; Miss Seda Hambly of Brussels; Miss Harrie Sayers of Saginaw City, Mich.; Miss L. M. Sheppard of Berlin; Mrs. and Miss Rutherford and Miss Wells of Aurora; Mr. F. W. Fearman of Hamilton; Dr. S. Cumming of New York; Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Strathy and child of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. J. Herron of Hamilton; Mr. J. Arnold, Mrs. Boultbee, Miss C. Boultbee, Mr. Thos. G. Bright, Messrs. H. C. Fortier, M. W. Kertland, J. G. Boswell, W. J. Parsons, H. Farrar of Toronto; Mr. W. Galbraith of Bracebridge.

*

Amongst the last arrivals at The Penetanguishene are: Mr. W. H. Traverse of Berlin, Messrs. Richard H. Stafford and W. M. Citerler of Buffalo, N. Y., Rene Wadsworth, Mrs. Vernon Wadsworth, Master J. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson and children, Mr. H. S. Osler and Miss Osler, Rev. Charles and Mrs. Darling of Toronto, Mr. G. A. C. Taylor of Sandhurst, Eng., Mr. and Mrs. Bumley of Davenport, Mr. Morrison and Mr. Vankoughnet of Toronto, Mr. Todd of Boston, Mass.

*

The Noisy Boys will hold their second annual reunion at Hotel Hanlan, Hanlan's Point, on Thursday evening, August 29. Dancing will be the programme. The committee is composed of Messrs. G. Zerr, W. Wake, E. Callaghan, G. Roblin, J. Marrow, W. Barker, secretary.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last Saturday a party of ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a most delightful trip on Lake Simcoe to Roache's Point by the steamer Kendrick, where a garden party was given in the beautiful grounds of Beechcroft. The weather was charming, and as the boat kept near the shore, the scenery, which has long been noted for being very picturesque, was very much admired. A few merry camping parties were passed near Big Bay Point. Those who enjoyed the pleasures of this sail were: Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Mrs. F. Lett, Miss Birdie Mason, Mr. and Mrs. B. Nicholson, Miss Nicholson of Toronto, Major and Mrs. Rogers, Mr. W. B. and Miss Spry, Miss Miller, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss Florrie Henderson, Miss Fleming, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. F. Jackson of Toronto, Mr. E Bird, Miss Forsyth, Mr. Fairbairn, Miss E. Spry, Miss Val Berryman, Mr. Ed Rogerson, Mr. Geo. Fraser, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. H. Arnall, Mr. Meeking, and a few guests from Peninsular Park hotel.

On Friday evening, August 30, Mrs. D. Holmes gave an impromptu dance. A very pleasant time was spent by all, and dancing was enjoyed until the small hours. During the evening Miss Jeanette George of Boston, by request, gave two recitations in a most charming manner. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. Sanford, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Buchan of Toronto, Miss Kerright, Miss Schreiber, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Miss T. Mason, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Miss Cook of Chesley, Mr. W. B. and Miss Spry, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, Mr. E and Miss H. Bird, Mr. Gillett, Mr. R. Williams, Mr. C. H. Crease, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Mr. T. R. Boys, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. F. and Miss G. Stevenson, Mr. T. and Miss N. Baker, Miss Hall of Toronto, the Misses Harding of Stratford, Miss J. Forsyth, Mr. W. Spotton, Mr. G. Fraser, the Misses McConkey, Mr. F. Baker, Miss McLean, Miss F. Henderson, Miss Fleming, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. H. Arnall and Mr. Meeking.

The Misses Todd of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. J. Strathy of Ovenden recently.

Mr. Chas. Ardagh, of the Bank of Toronto has returned from a trip to Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. W. Campbell, left last week to join a camping party from Millbrook, for a few days.

Mr. F. H. Lauder of the Bank of Toronto has gone to Port Hope to spend his holidays. Mr. F. D. Hewson of Peterboro', relieves during his absence.

Mrs. Andros and Miss Pringle left last week for a pleasure trip through the Muskoka lakes.

A small camping party of young people chaperoned by Mrs. Anderson, left last Monday for Hewett's Creek, across the bay, where they purpose staying two weeks.

The Misses Tottie and Emily Nicol, daughters of Dr. Nicol of Cookstown, are visiting at Mrs. Geo. J. Mason's of Harr Hall.

The Misses McKellar and Miss Davis of Toronto have been the guests of Mrs. H. H. Strathy of The Hill.

Mrs. Ault of Aultsville is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Wellington Ault. OCULAIRE.

PAISLEY.

Mrs. W. Flood, assisted by her sister, Miss K. C. Strong, gave a delightful party at Fairmount Place on last Tuesday evening. The following guests were present: Dr. Freeman, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan and Mr. Cobham from Walkerton; Mr. Cargill, M.P., Mrs. Cargill, Miss Cargill, Miss Maggie Cargill, Mrs. Walker and Miss Walker from Cargill, Miss M. C. Strong of Mount Forest, Miss Cargill of Wingham, Mrs. Everet of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Butler, Dr. and Mrs. Baird, Miss Baird, Mr. B. Baird, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, Miss Jessie, and J. Allen, Miss Saunders and Mr. Biette from Paisley, Mr. Buckley of Montreal, and Mrs. Sutherland of Guelph. Fairmount Place looked like a gorgeous villa of the Orient, sparkling with Chinese lanterns and the waving flame of the bale fire. Games, dancing, singing and recital held each joyous soul in thrall till the magician of the entertainment waved the wand of adieu. During the evening Miss K. C. Strong delighted the guests with song and recital. Mrs. Flood proved herself to be an admirable hostess, and we trust it may not be long ere Fairmount Place renews such a charming evening.

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Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on frosted back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

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"We."

"Yes," said Mrs. Find-it-all-out, as she patted her velvet priscilla affectionately, "you and Mr. Clare do appear to be remarkably happy; so well-suited; so entirely congenial. Do tell us how it is—do you give up to him, or does he allow you to have your own way in all things."

"Yes, do tell us," urged the daughter. "I am so anxious to know."

Miss Find-it-all out is a pretty little pink and white doll, who has simpered her promise to become Mrs.——in the near future; so, thinking I might benefit her, while I amused them both, I began——

"Darby and I do live happily. I think it is because we commenced in a proper way. On our wedding day, we talked the affair over and decided that 'you' and 'I' had been merged into 'we.'

"If anything was well-done, 'we' agreed to take the credit; if threads tangled, 'we' would share the blame. It was a pleasant thought to entertain as we began married life—half the burdens, and divided pleasures.

"We furnished our house to suit ourselves, other people wondered at our eccentric tastes, but we allowed them to go on wondering, and now the world and his wife applaud where before they sneered.

"The kitchen and pantry stores I control unaided.

"I do not expect Darby to tell me how many pounds of sugar I require in a given time, or how much I should pay for fruit, any more than he expects me to decide upon the number of pens he should keep on his desk or the price he should pay for mucilage.

"As far as ballot boxes measure the 'rights' of womankind, I am unsympathetic. I have all the 'rights' I can manage now. Housekeeping is one of them. That is my business, and I should be proficient in it. Darby knows nothing of it, and therefore should not interfere.

"Understand me, though, I do not carry my kitchen prerogative into the rest of the house; tor together we choose furniture, pictures, books—his excellent taste being invaluable to me.

"We are very dear to each other, else we had never married; and our regard has for its foundation a friendship which is well-built, weather-proof, and sure to be lasting.

"We are as polite to each other as to strangers. Not as conventional, certainly, but quite as considerate.

"It is my firm conviction, that there is too much 'darling-ducky-so-coo-is,' before marriage; and too much simple Jane or Maria after. Should a wife not be dearer to her husband than a sweet-heart to her lover?

"There are a great many homes, where the husband and father is looked upon as the ruler-out of all mirth—all pleasure; where the children learn to despise either father or mother, or both, because their weaknesses are discussed before young ears; where the wife is untidy and fretful, the husband a tyrant making his home a place to explode his wrath.

"That is very plain language—describing that abomination—an unhappy home; but we all know it has its counterpart in real life. At some time or another, we have been in such homes, or a chain of incidents has, link by link, grown from outside observations, and we pity them, and huddle closer to our own bright hearths, loving those around us more dearly, when we think of such wretchedness.

"When between any two people, the civilities of life are set aside, they are on an inclined plane to that contempt, which excessive familiarity breeds.

"The wife to whom her husband says, 'I beg your pardon,' (audience composed of wife only), holds his respect with a firm hand.

"I like to see a wife careful in the little details of dress, even when her husband is the only person at breakfast with her.

"The delicate little flattery of his tastes may not seem much to outsiders, but these little things do smooth down so much of the roughness of life.

"How could I cry 'shame' to Darby for going down stairs collarless, if I offended in that particular myself.

"A wife should be more careful to keep her husband's love than a girl her lover's. In case the sweetheart cannot hold the regard she has won, two separate paths may be found for those who were near and dear; but after marriage what wreckage is made of two lives, what a tossing on an ocean of trouble if love grows cold.

"I can conceive of no more wretched existence than that of two people, linked together by sacred vows and yet being distasteful, or even obnoxious, one to the other.

"As I believe that sometimes for a minute portion of time we sip a happiness so complete as to be akin to that of Heaven; so do I believe that sorrow-laden hearts suffer pangs which match those of hell.

"And I can think of no earthly sorrow as great as a marriage which is a failure—not a failure because the matrimonial state is a failure, but because husband or wife, or both, prove inadequate to make a happy home."

"You do put it so strangely," broke in Miss Find-it-all-out, with a sigh of bewilderment and an expression of disconcerted serenity. "People have told me," she continued, "to be sure and begin as I can hold out; not to spoil my husband in the beginning, and to get my own way, whenever it is possible."

An utter contempt, held me speechless for a time; a disdain for the person so narrow-minded, so soulless as to poison a girl's mind with such advice took possession of me.

The girl was walking straight into a loveless marriage, which was in itself bad enough, but to be told to selfishly try and guide the luckless husband by such means, was inking the darkness of night—and I was shocked.

After an interim, in which silence reigned with undisturbed sway, Mrs. Find-it-all-out began: "Do you really think Mrs. Clare"—her eyes had a persuasive expression, her smile was was calculated to win and her white teeth gleamed behind her carefully colored lips—"that men should have anything to do in a house at all! Is Mr. Clare not a—well, yes—a nuisance, when you want to choose new curtains or carpets?"

I smiled mischievously, I am afraid, as I replied, "the question brings us back to our little word 'we.' How could 'we' be suited unless 'we' together made the purchases."

"It's very pleasant of course, that you think in that way," continued the lady, "but I know poor dear Mr. Find-it-all-out was so hard to manage in buying, that I felt relieved, actually relieved, when he would give me the money, and say he was too busy to go with me."

"I think we must go, mamma," said the daughter, rising; and with a parting invitation to be "sure and come over soon,"—urging me to display no formality, but to run in while passing as they had—mother and daughter directed their steps towards home.

Perhaps they were convinced; it may be they were not; at any rate they did not shake my firm conviction that the merging of "you" and "I" into "we," was one of the salient chapters in the volume of matrimony.

What oneness could there be in two lives, which instead of growing together, were being constantly wrenched asunder by jerks at the nuptial knot; where husband or wife were trying to make two very separate, two completely distinct, two entirely different people, out of those who were linked together for time.

Perhaps marriage is oftenest unhappy, because it is considered too frequently, as the vestibule to a home.

A girl who will marry for aught but deep regard, will surely find life's skein a perplexed tangle.

Not long since a bright-faced girl told me she did not see why people would marry, unless for homes.

From the bottom of my heart I pity her, and even more the man she marries—for a home.

When Darby came in that evening I told him how Mrs. Find-it-all-out had led me into a dissertation on our arrangement by which "we" manage the good and the ill.

He laughed—merry-hearted Darby—as he told me that Mrs. Find-it-all-out was noted for ruling with a rod inflexible the meek little man who had gone the way of mortals.

"You have done real missionary work if you have succeeded in disabusing the mind of the daughter of instilled ideas on 'managing husbands,'" he said, very seriously.

"Who owns the house?" said Darby presently, after a brief silence.

The above question, delivered in a mock tone of lofty superiority, is always enough to bring hearty laughter to both of us.

A long time ago Darby inclined to one way of decorating the library ceiling; I most decidedly admired another. We discussed the matter very thoroughly and each had such a good opinion of his and her taste that we declined to change.

"Who owns the house," asked Darby, in a tone intended to be decisive. "We do," I replied, demurely, and then he laughed.

He had forgotten the "we" part and I had not. In any difference of opinion "we" carefully applied usually makes the untractable one docile, and peace reigns in the Clare household.

There are happy marriages; there are unhappy one; but it lies with the contracting parties to make or mar the married life. Give them the blame and cease to call marriage a lottery, a game of chance, luck, etc.

Selfishness, suitability, lack of thought before marriage and superabundance of it after the "I will" has been said, go to make unhappy homes, miserable inmates, unstable society, desperation on the part of those who might have been good and true if their lives had been linked differently, or, having been linked were controlled by wise heads.

Trouble we make. No life is so shadowed by clouds of misery that none of the sunlight of happiness can brighten it. If we will, we may be joyful tenants of this mundane world, in spite of the mutability of mankind, and the ever-sifting sands of joy and sorrow.

Merge the capital "I" into the Roman lettered "you" into black letter "we" and I will guarantee—happiness.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Sledge Hammer Flirtation at Bar Harbor.

Sitting on the staircase is the principal form of flirtation, and when there is a ball almost every girl appears with a long-tailed gown that she may cover two or three steps below the one she is sitting on and thus keep her conversation from being heard. She flirts in what might be called "sledge hammer fashion. There are no delicate shadings or leadings up in her book of coquetry. She begins by saying, "Do you know, I really wondered whether you really meant what I heard you said about me." (The unfortunate young man has probably said nothing, but she is counting on his forgetting whether he did or not, and usually her count is correct.) He says, "Oh, really, Miss De Vere, I couldn't have said anything about you that wasn't pleasant." Miss De Vere feels then that Casey is at the bat, and that the game is in her own hand, so she answers with the most intense look, "I heard that you said that you thought I was hard-hearted." Then the unfortunate, who doesn't care whether she is hardhearted or not, but thinks if she ate much more ice cream she will have to have a dose of ginger, responds: "Oh, no, but you have been cruel in not letting me come near you." Then he wonders that the ground doesn't open and swallow him, for she has been running after him day and night until he has quite made up his mind to leave the place. If she knew now to be coy, this would be her opportunity, but instead, she says, "Well, I will try and be kinder to you in the future. To-morrow you shall go horseback driving with me in the morning, you shall lunch at our table, and we will have a long, quiet afternoon together."

This is too much—too much bliss for one man. And so he announces that he is sick and must go home. She is perfectly willing to go with him and take care of him, but this he declines, telling her that she must think of what people will say about her. Once at the hotel that young man packs his clothes and takes the first train home, and when he gets there he says to his chum, "Charlie, if you love your liberty and your country never come near Bar Harbour, for a girl will marry you out of hand and say yes for you at the altar before you have an opportunity for more than a bowing acquaintance with her."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

She Didn't Want Him

"So one of Queen Victoria's grand-darters has gone and married a earl,' said old Mrs. Cloverbud as she laid down the paper. "Well, let her, that's all I've got to say. Anybody that wants to tie themselves to a juke or a earl and spend all their days puttin' on style and travlin' fine duds 'round old castles and all that kin do it. I don't want't any of it in mine and the juke never lived that could coax me to either. Give me a good old Missoury farm of 'bout sixty acres, and cows enough to make 'bout twenty pounds of yaller butter a week, and a lot of good layin' hens and the Earl of Fife an' Mrs. Fife kin have their castles an' diamond yearbobs and buzzum pins, for all of me! I don't want 'em!"—*Time.*

High Treason on the Bench.

Some time before 1870 a gentleman, in the midst of a squabble at a place of public entertainment in Vienna, exclaimed: "Nonsense! the Emperor is an ass." He was forthwith taken into custody, and when brought before the beak, the latter addressed him as follows: "The witnesses have clearly proved that you called the Emperor an ass. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Certainly! I meant the Emperor Napoleon."

"That is an idle subterfuge!" said the Judge. "Everybody knows that Napoleon is an intelligent man. We know quite well you meant His Majesty the Emperor of Austria."

A Remarkable Shoe.

Among other historical curiosities preserved at the Sendrenl Palace in Verlice, there is a shoe of Louis XIV., on the heel of which the Dutch painter Vanlo has portrayed a battle scene, which is regarded with wondering admiration, for the neat and correct execution of so large a subject on so diminutive a scale.

Had Sawed Enough.

Lady of the House—Now, don't you think you could saw a little wood for me!

Tramp (who has just dined)—No, mum, sawing that there steak you just gave me is all the sawing I want to do for one day.

Equal to an Emergency

A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal.

"I know I can't," replied the sobbing fair one. "But," she added, with a heavenly smile. "I mean to try."—*Pick Me Up.*

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without cost or charge? Lever Bros., manufacturers of Sunlight Soap (largest sale in the world), offer $200 for ten guesses. See particulars on card boxes of Sunlight Soap, or ask your grocer to explain. The trade can obtain information by addressing Lever Bros., Toronto. Sunlight Soap has just obtained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition.

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

MARY'S DREAM

BY ELIZABETH CLASTON

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks more and I was in Canada. New scenes, new hopes, and hard but interesting work had nearly restored my good spirits. Looking back to the week I had spent at Beechwood, I saw plainly that, as regarded Mary, no obstacle would be thrown in the way of making her my wife. I had only to keep a straight course for the next two years and continue in favor with the civil engineer to whose staff I was at present attached, in which time I had good hopes of obtaining ultimately, a permanent appointment.

Affairs on the whole looked very hopeful, but I cannot say I did not occasionally feel a little aching of the heart, a little longing for the faces and voices I had left in old England, and I believe the whole time I was in Canada Mary was seldom out of my thoughts.

At last a letter came from my mother, but ominous—black bordered and written at Beechwood. It told me that my grandfather was dead—the noble old man—the kind old friend we had all loved and admired so much! After a few days illness, accompanied by but little pain, he had fallen into a heavy sleep from which he never awakened. My mother had been summoned to his bedside and had not yet returned home. She told me how gentle and patient my poor grandmother was under her heavy trial, and how good and helpful Mary had been; but her letter was short and written in very depressed spirits. I cannot tell how shocked and grieved I was. I wrote at once to my mother and Mary, and in a short time received an answer from the latter. It ran thus:

"DEAR MARK,—I cannot write about this great sorrow which has fallen upon us, but dear grandmamma and I thank you very much for your kind, sympathizing letter. We are all alone now for Aunt Mary was obliged to leave us on account of your sister's holidays. The house is so strange and still! Can we ever become accustomed to it? Mrs. Lyton and Jane left last week. We had to get Dr. Leigh to tell them grandmamma must have perfect quiet. To do them justice, they have been useful in many ways, yet it is a relief now they are gone. A few days ago we were sitting together, grandmamma and I; she was knitting and I had been looking at her, for she looks quite beautiful in her widow's weeds, when she suddenly raised her head and said in her quiet way: 'Mary, fetch me the old Bible.' I knew directly what she wanted it for, and went to fetch it out of the cabinet in her bed-room, but it was not there; then I looked in your room, and, in fact, all over the house, but nowhere was it to be found. As the servants said they knew nothing about it, I wrote off to Mrs. Lyton, and received a note from Jane in reply, asking whether I remembered your taking it into your room soon after your arrival. She wrote as if she were quite offended at my asking them. Aunt Mary, who slept in the room, says she has never seen it. It is strange, and has made poor grandmamma very unhappy. Did you, inadvertently, put it into your valise? Do write at once and tell us. You can guess why it is wanted: another name must now be added to those who are gone. I am glad you like your work, dear Mark. Our best love.

"Your affectionate cousin,

"MARY GARNSHAWE."

I wrote off immediately to say I had left the bible in my room, and knew nothing more of it. In fact, that it was impossible I could inadvertently have put so large a book into a small valise. I said how much I regretted that it was missing, but felt sure it would soon be found.

In time there came another letter from Mary—kind, but I thought rather formal. She said, in the postscript, that nothing had been heard of the Bible.

Months passed away, and though I had written once or twice, I heard nothing from my cousin; so I asked my mother to send me some Beechwood news.

Her answer annoyed me exceedingly. She told me the old lady had been much distressed by receiving several anonymous letters. The writer animadverted strongly on my grandfather's will, and called upon his wife to make amends to those who were injured by it out of the small property she had at her own disposal.

My mother said: "You can well imagine how painful such letters are, but the strangest thing about them is, that your grandmother is convinced that the person who has written them is in possession of the missing old Bible. One of the letters gives a little bit of family pedigree to prove the writer's acquaintance with the subject, which she says could only have been procured in that way. I wish, dear Mark, the Bible had not been last seen in your possession, for really it makes things very awkward.

"Am I to understand from this," I exclaimed, when I had finished reading the letter, "that they suspect me of stealing the Bible and using it to frighten my old grandmother?"

So greatly exasperated was I that I sent off, at once, a few indignant lines to my mother, which I requested her to show at Beechwood, because I would certainly not write there again while I lay under such a shameful imputation.

She tried, in her next letter, to soften me down by saying I had taken an exaggerated view of the matter; of course the whole affair was very puzzling, but she had her own suspicions, which for the present she would keep to herself. My grandmother had been sadly troubled at my note, and Mary had burst into tears.

My mother was evidently much annoyed on my account, though she tried to make light of it to me. I felt, however, very angry, especially with Mary, and stuck to my determination of not writing. Well, about two months before the time fixed for my return to England, a letter came from Mary. She never alluded to the Bible, and tried to write as if nothing unpleasant had happened; but she was evidently very uncomfortable. At first I felt glad of this, but on reading her letter over again better feelings prevailed. I began to long for the time when I could be with her, to talk it all over and try to discover the mystery. She seemed sad and lonely; told me of her grandmother's failing health, and that she herself had been under the doctor's care for some time. She concluded by saying that they both were very anxious to hear from me, and that she was busy, out back on a very rough part of the survey. I sent a few lines, however, to tell them of my speedy return, and by the next mail received another letter.

"DEAR MARK,—Do not be angry if I again mention the Bible, but I must really tell you a very curious dream I had about it the very night I wrote my last letter to you. I thought you and I were walking together across a wide field or stretch of moorland, for there was grass and heath in flower, and at last we came to a house, and went in to see somebody we knew. I don't know who. We walked into the parlor, a plain old-fashioned room, with chairs against the walls. On the side opposite the door was a table covered with a green cloth, and on that table was the Bible. You will say there was nothing extraordinary in dreaming about a thing one had puzzled over so much, but it all was so vivid and like reality. I told grandmamma, and described the place exactly, and she said she seemed to remember something like it. Well, a night or two ago I dreamt it all over again, and I feel convinced that wherever that room may be the Bible is. Grandmamma wants you to come to us as soon as ever you can after your return," etc., etc.

I made up my mind to answer this in person, and two or three weeks more found me on my way home.

It was again the pleasant month of June when I steamed up the Mersey, and was met and warmly welcomed on the landing stage by my father. I had much to hear and tell as we traveled homeward, and happily the latter was such as to please those who cared for me, for I had got on well, and received the promise of an excellent appointment in the Midlands; far better than a young man of my age could have expected. A tribe of young brothers and sisters were waiting for me at the station, and I was escorted home in triumph.

At the hall door stood my mother, who kissed me much and cried over me a little; then a white hand was held out to me, and a quiet, pathetic voice said, "How do you do, Mark?"

It was my cousin Mary. What a bound my heart gave, and how the blood rushed to my face when I saw her. The calm dignity, tempered with kindness, with which I had decided to meet her, was strikingly absent from my demeanour. There was a peal of laughter from the young ones, and then my mother explained that one of Mary's sisters had taken her place at Beechwood, which she had fallen out of air and scene, which the doctor said she greatly needed. I was grieved to see her looking so thin and delicate, but I thought her, if possible, prettier and more loveable than before.

While we were partaking of a substantial tea, my father told me of a scheme he had devised for the benefit of my mother and Mary, and which they had only waited for my return to carry out. This was a fortnight's tour through Derbyshire, in which, as he was unable to leave, I was to be their escort. It was my grandmother's native county, but my mother had not visited it since she was a child.

After the younger ones had retired we sat and had a quiet chat by the open window. I noticed the care they all took of my cousin, the warm shawl brought for her, and the easy chair in which she was seated, and feared she must be very unwell. When she went into the hall for her bed candle, I followed her and said:

"Ah, Mary—did you keep your promise?"

Her lips quivered and she did not reply. I could not help an upbraiding look, but at the same time I pressed her hand warmly enough to show I was not unforgiving. She said no more and made up my mind not to do so until I had been completely exonerated about the Bible.

Not the least delightful part of a journey are the antecedents—I mean, of course, a trip where the object is pleasure—the searching in guide books and topographical dictionaries, even the packing up and inevitable Bradshaw. Great were my mother's cares, and wonderful her arrangements and provisions against every imaginable contingency during her absence. My father said truly that the sooner we were off the better, or she would be quite worn out. Mary was not allowed to exert herself, but she was quietly busy, and I thought looked better and brighter.

At last we started, our first destination being the old Izaak Walton Inn, at Dovedale. There we spent three or four days very happily. My mother was a poor walker and would sit for hours with her name in a book, musing dreamily at the impetuous little river, dashing, leaping, and eddying over its rocky bed. Mary and I, in the meantime, explored in every direction the beautiful, grotesque valley, so loved by the pleasant old fisherman who once dwelt beside it.

From thence we proceeded to Matlock, saw Chatsworth and brave old Haddon Hall, and so on to the wild and desolate grandeur of the Peak. Even with one by my side I looked ten years younger, and the blush roses had returned to Mary's cheeks. Our trip was nearly over, but one, to me most unpleasant, duty remained to be performed, and therefore we stayed at the town of C——, about two miles from which Mrs. Lyton lived with her daughter.

They occupied, rent free, an old house belonging to my grandmother. As they had from time to time made many complaints of its want of repair, she was anxious we should see for ourselves what it required, and also—dear old soul! show some kindness and attention to those who, as she always remarked, "had seen a good deal of trouble."

The morning after our arrival my mother suggested that the ladies should walk over to Mrs. Lyton's and bring her and Jane back to dinner; she feeling rather tired, would stay quietly in the shady garden belonging to the hotel. We laughed at her for what we called her duplicity, and at last with very wry faces started on our errand.

Following our landlord's directions we crossed some fields, and then entered a pleasant lane, with steep, flowery banks on either side, here and there completely overarched by trees. All this time we were gradually ascending, and at last emerging on the strip of moorland, made far a white church spire in the distance, which we had been told to look out for as a landmark. I gave Mary my arm, for she was tired, and we walked leisurely on, enjoying the mountain air, the scent of the gorse and heather, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of a summer morning.

"You are very quiet, Mary," I said at last.

"I feel puzzled," she replied. "Can I have been this way before? Everything seems familiar to me."

"It is only that odd sensation which sometimes comes over one, of having heard, seen or done the same thing before. The belief in the transmigration of souls must have risen that way, I think."

"Mark," said Mary, earnestly, "in some state of existence I must have been here before!"

By this time we had crossed the heath and reached the village. A child standing by the gate of the first house told us that it was Mrs. Lyton's, so we entered. A narrow walk between two high holly hedges took us to the front door, which was wide open. Finding neither bell nor knocker, we walked straight in, and passing through another open door, found ourselves in the presence of the occupants. Mrs. Lyton started up hastily with an exclamation of surprise, as Jane threw a dress at which she had been working over a table at the end of the room. The warmth with which they greeted us was greater than usual, and I felt that I was intruding, and Mary's behaviour puzzled me, she looked so absent and bewildered, and as though she hardly knew where she was; and I did most of the talking—told them about my homeward voyage and the trip we had been taking, and was just coming to the invitation when Mary interrupted me very abruptly.

"I must have been here before, Mrs. Lyton."

"Very likely, when you were a baby in arms," she replied; "but you couldn't possibly remember it."

"It was not then—since," said Mary, looking more and more bewildered. "Mark, I remember now; it was in my dream—how strange!—that is the table, and here," suddenly crossing the room and lifting up the dress, "is our old Bible!"

Yes, there it was, sure enough, and you can imagine our various sensations at the discovery. Mrs. Lyton countenance of the delinquents, who made very lame attempts to account for its presence. Mary said nothing more, good, bad, nor indifferent. In the midst of utter stagnation I rose, wished them good-bye, and departed with my cousin, the Bible under my arm.

We had recrossed the heath and entered the lane before either of us spoke, and then as Mary would not break the silence I did so.

"Now, Miss Mary, you and I must have it out.

"I have wanted to talk to you about it, very much, Mark. You have given me no opportunity before."

"Very well, then, I will first state the case to you. A young fellow loves a girl very much, but he is compelled to go abroad. While absent he works early and late to win her, and never has a thought about her that is not loving and true. In the meantime the young lady stays at home, and although she has allowed this young fellow to believe that his love is not unacceptable, listens to gossips and backbiters, and arrives at least at the conclusions that he is untruthful, dishonest, and in fact a thorough sneak."

"Don't, Mark!" said Mary, bursting into tears, "you are too cruel—a great deal too cruel. If a suspicion were ever forced upon me, it soon passed away, and I have been wretched about it. I never thought you what you say. If I had, do you think I would be here with you now?"

She cried silently for a minute or two and then went on—

"When the housemaid was asked about it, she said the Bible was in your room the evening before you left, and was not there when she went to sweep the room immediately after you were gone. She thought you had borrowed it. Poor grandmamma did not know what to think. Oh, those detestable women, what mischief they have made!" and stopping at a gate by the side of the lane she leaned against it and cried as though her heart would break.

I could not bear to see her in such trouble—after all, how had she been in fault? I ventured to put my arm round her waist and drew her towards me.

"Mary, darling, the damages to my character were very great, and I expect compensation. Shall I have it?"

She did not speak, but she allowed my arm to remain where I had placed it.

"You must consent to be my wife."

There was silence for a moment or two longer, and then she wiped her eyes, placed her hand in mine, and said quietly:

"I agree, Mark."

Often since has that little scene flashed across my memory. It was but the other day when speaking to a crowded meeting on the coal supply of Great Britain, that a waft of wind came in at the open window and lifted the hair on my forehead. There it was all before me again—the old gate, with the mountain ash on one side and the tangle of wild roses on the other; the blue sky, the pleasant breeze, even the old cow, gazing at us so thoughtfully.

When at long last we reached the hotel, we found my mother watching for us, and the table laid for dinner. I am afraid I startled my mother.

"Well, where are our guests?" said she.

"They are not coming," I answered. "At least we never asked them. But instead, mother darling, here is the lost Bible, and here is my future wife!"

[THE END.]

Questioning.

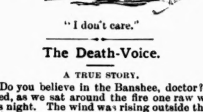
O moath, as sweet as any morn in May!
O lips, as rare as the sunlight glor
If I should sp ak the words which struggle so,
What answer would you give to me to-day?
Would that white breast so softly heave, I pray,
The gentle breath as calmly come and go
When I had spoken? Surely you must know
Already everything I have to say!
Yet, maybe, telling it, I might obtain
From your sweet influence some grace of speech
To make my so ds altogether vain:
Some gentle phrase I earned from you might reach
Your tender heart: and softly entering, make
Dear Love, who lies half sleeping there, awake.

—*N.Y. Life.*

Island Aquatics.

"Off we go."

Jolly!



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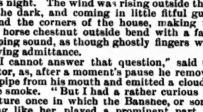

"I don't care."

The Death-Voice.

A TRUE STORY.

"Do you believe in the Banshee, doctor?" I asked, as we sat around the fire one raw winter's night. The wind was rising outside there in the lane, and coming in little fitful gusts round the corners of the house, making the big horse chestnut outside bend with a faint tapping sound, as though ghostly fingers were craving admittance.

"I cannot answer that question," said the doctor, as, after a moment's pause he removed his pipe from his mouth and emitted a cloud of blue smoke. "But I had a rather curious adventure once in which the Banshee, or something like her, played a prominent part. If you care to hear it, I'll relate it just as it happened; but, first, I must premise that I never could make anything of it, and I do not see what the ghost or Banshee meant by appearing to me at all; however, you must judge for yourself, so here goes.

"After taking a deep pull at the tumbler of good Irish punch, which stood on the table beside him, the doctor settled himself in his chair and proceeded thus:

"One raw March night about five years ago, I was summoned to attend a young lady living some four miles distant from the village where I lived. The wind was high, with a light rain falling, the moon was obscured every now and then by the hurrying clouds, and altogether it was the sort of night a fellow would prefer spending between the blankets to anywhere else.

"However, I rode along as quickly as the state of the roads would permit, my horse stumbling often over the broken stones, and not a soul to be seen abroad but myself. I clattered into Ballinrobe at a good pace, and drew up by a street lamp to look at my watch. It was just ten minutes past midnight, so I turned down the road to Partry.

"By the way, you know General Lynch of Partry, don't you? Thought you did. Well, anyway, about a mile from the lodge gates there, I noticed that the wind had suddenly fallen. It had been blowing a gale, man, just a minute before; and it was the most curious thing you can imagine when it fell into that sudden low whispering way. I felt a shiver pass over me for a second, and I stopped my horse and stared about me in a stupid manner, and presently I found myself listening for some sound to break the uncanny silence. It came. A long, low moaning sound, ending in a cry—a human cry—floating down the avenue leading to Partry House, was answered by a shrill neighing from my horse, who swerved aside and nearly unseated me in his terrible fright.

"It was by this time pitch dark. The moon had set and I knew dawn was a long way off. I held the horse firmly and patted his neck for the brute was shivering under me and would neither advance nor go back a step. To say that I was not frightened would be to say an untruth. I was scared, but it was of human foes not of ghosts. Times were pretty bad in Ireland and I didn't know but that night he might be taken in mistake for a landlord, so I kept pretty quiet I tell you and waited to hear more.

"All this time the wind was muttering and whispering as though telling the trees some weird thing was abroad; and then right at my elbow rose a voice—now look here, Jack, you may laugh if you like, but, begorra, man, if you were there you'd be—right at my elbow, I say, rose a voice, a woman's voice, sweet and shrill, and the only words I could catch were, 'And the ship went down.' I never heard anything like it. The words did away in a long piercing, wailing note that fairly made my heart stand still for a moment, while my poor horse shivered under me and I could feel the sweat pouring down his neck. Again the cry came creeping up on the wind, and something struck me from the horse and down I fell in the darkness while he broke loose and was up the road in a mad gallop.

"When I gathered myself up out of the mud I found I was unhurt and, more lucky still, my medicine-chest which I had strapped under my arm when I started from home, was quite safe. I made sure it was some Land Leaguers work and that they had decamped thinking their job was finished for when they attack you from behind a hedge they don't come out into the road to see how you are. A thought of ghost or Banshee never entered my head, and if it did I would have laughed at the notion. Being about a quarter of a mile from my patient's house I walked on as quickly as I could and arrived there at about three in the morning, wet and tired. I knew my horse would never stop till he got home so I was anxious to get through my work and hurry after him.

"I found the young girl I was called to attend very ill—in fact I could see she would not last over another day, and as her mother was in an anxious state, I determined to stay as long as I could. A mounted groom was sent after my horse, so I knew he would be caught and put up all right."

"I sat down by the girl's bedside. She was in a semi-unconscious state, which I knew was the fore-runner of death. The rain was rattling against the windows, making a dreary sound, and the low wind had a sob in it as it came up from the river at the end of the lawn. The door of the room opened and an old woman entered. She came up to me and told me she had something to say to me in another room, and I must come. Being idle at the moment, I followed her. She closed the door and holding a lamp she carried up to my face, she asked me the very same question you put to me to night: 'Doctor, do you believe in the Ban-shee?'"

"Now look here," I replied, "I don't want any nonsense of that kind. 'And the ship went down!' My God, man! I started in spite of myself as the very same voice sang out the ghostly words again. The old woman, with a ghastly face, put my arm and pointed to the uncurtained window. The dawn was faintly lighting up the east. The rain had ceased and there was but a slight breeze stirring the trees. But, at the window was a dreadful thing. I saw it, Jack, a head or face, more like a death's head than anything else, draped in green and white, with one shining skeleton finger beckoning, as it seemed, to me. It was there but an instant; as I looked it disappeared, and the moaning cry went round the house.

"A call from the inner room made me shake off the old woman's grasp, and as I hurried to the bed I saw the dying girl sitting erect without any support. The curtains had been drawn aside from the window by Mrs. Fitzgerald, the young lady's mother, and both she and her daughter were gazing at a pane of glass against which the horrible face I had just seen was pressed. Once more I heard the words, only this time they were, 'And the ship is gone.'

"A violent rattling of the window, a choking cry from the bed, and the girl fell back dead.

"That's all, Jack. Its no use saying you don't believe. I don't know what it was myself, but I heard and saw just what I tell you. They search the grounds high and low and found nothing. The old woman, Nelly, told me she had heard the cry at midnight that same night, but did not see anything; but she declared the Fitzgeralds always had the Banshee after them and the death-voice was surely heard when any of the family was about to die.

"Those words about the ship puzzled me often. As the song has it they 'have nothing to do with the case.' The whole thing is a mystery, I would rather some one cleverer than I am to explain away. All I know is I was neither drunk nor asleep and I saw and heard it exactly as I tell you. People didn't believe me, so I left off relating the story until your question to-night brought it back to my mind; and often when I am alone I think it all over again, and I seem to hear that voice with the burden of its song, 'And the ship went down.'"

The doctor was silent and the wailing wind took up the story and carried it out on the mists of the night.

I, the writer of this tale, can vouch for its truth, for I was present on that night to hear the Death-voice myself. Once since then I have heard it. It was when my uncle, my mother's brother, died. His death was unexpected, as no one thought he was dangerously ill. There were no words, only the wailing, melancholy cry, like the Irish keen at a wake, and three sharp, quick, decisive knocks on my bedroom door, just at three o'clock in the morning, for the bells of a neighboring church rang out the hour. I opened the door, but there was no one there, as indeed there could not be, seeing that my maid and I were alone in the house, and she slept in my room. Early next morning the news came that he had died at 3 a.m. The death voice has always followed my mother's family. I cannot account for it. I do not believe in ghosts, yet if I heard the Banshee to night I would know that some one of my race and blood had gone with that voice on the wind across the dark and solemn river to the "dim mysterious shore." KIT.

A Great Savant But a Poor Fisherman

After coaxing and flattering him for three or four days the judge finally consented to go fishing with us. There was nothing of the egotist about him, but his friends from Baltimore had given us to understand that he was a great man. He was a scientist, a savant, a philosopher, a statesman, a historian, a geologist and a great deal more, and when we got him to talking about fish he gave us pointers on the finny tribe clear back to the days of the ark.

After a sail of two miles we got down to the fishing grounds, and as it was just half-flood each one had plenty of business on hand for the next hour. The judge was on my right, and while I was pulling in a lively fish every minute he didn't get a single bite. I heard him muttering and growling, but had no time to investigate. It was only after the run, and when each one was counting up from twenty-five to sixty as his catch, that the judge broke out with:

"And here I've sat all this time and not caught a single one!"

I took hold of his line and drew it in and there was a kingfish on each hook and both dead. They had drowned themselves. There was a roar of laughter and the judge had subsided the judge innocently protested:

"Well, how was I to know I had a fish? The water is so deep I can't see 'em!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Timely Hint.

A minister and a wealthy member of his congregation were walking along the beach admiring the shells that had been cast up by the sea.

"Can you tell me," said the minister, "why this ocean is unlike—very unlike—my congregation?"

"I couldn't tell; no, sir. I am disposed to look upon your conundrums as frivolous."

"Sometimes they are, this one isn't. It is based on a sad, solid fact."

"Well, I give it up, anyhow."

"It's because the sea shells out."

And the wealthy member was wrapt in thought for several minutes.

Grounds for a Horrible Suspicion.

He—And are you sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?

She—Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my words, do you?

He—Of course I do not doubt you, my darling. I love you too madly, too devotedly for that. But why, oh, why, did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you, if you had never been there before!

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Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

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the whole physical frame of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

Mrs. Chinston's Companion.

The servant told her that Mrs. Chinston was in the garden, so she went there; and guided by the sound of merry voices and the silvery laughter of pretty women, soon found her way to the lawn tennis ground.

Mrs. Chinston was a lucky woman—so her friends declared—and as the old saying goes, "it is better to be born lucky than rich." In this case, however, the two blessings went hand clasped in hand, for Mrs. Chinston was not only lucky but possessed of a fortune in her own right, and could well afford to indulge her capricious fancy to any reasonable extent. She was accustomed to a great deal of society, and delighted in filling her beautiful house every summer with a gay party of merry people.

To-day the companion she had secured for herself was to arrive. She had been endeavoring to gratify her caprices in that direction, which insisted on perfect grace and beauty, and now she was likely to succeed. For Rose Marlowe had been engaged to take the place of the lately deposed companion and Rose was a girl worth looking at. She was an orphan, and since her father's death had resided with her aunt—a plain, commonplace, coarse natured woman, who had made the poor girl's life miserable.

Mrs. Chinston was a distant connection of Rose's dead mother. Having a slight acquaintance with Rose and hearing of her unpleasant situation, she took a notion to have her as her companion.

Mrs. Chinston, as a rule, was in the habit of carrying out her fancies, so in course of time her letter reached Rose Marlow at her aunt's home in Welston. "I want you to come and live with me," she wrote, and stated frankly that, being in need of a companion, she had fallen in love with Rose, and ended by offering her a home at Verlow, as her estate was called, and a liberal salary; in return for which Rose was to read and play and sing, and help entertain Mrs. Chinston in her dull moments. Of course poor Rose accepted the proposition with alacrity. Sitting in the cool fragrant garden under the shade of a giant elm, Mrs. Chinston and her guests were watching with great interest a single-handed tennis match being played between two college men, both of whom were capital players.

"Good evening, Mrs. Chinston."

She turned a quick start of surprise. Before her in the green grass stood a girl—a slender, graceful girl—pale, oh, so pale and worn—with large, dark, pathetic eyes, and hair of the sunniest gold.

She was dressed very simply in a plain calico dress and a coarse sun hat.

The ladies grouped about in picturesque attitudes in elegant robes of every color of the rainbow, stared supercilliously upon the stranger and a cold disdain seemed to freeze them all.

It was Mrs. Chinston's turn to be confused at this reception to her "fancy," but she was the first to recover her composure.

She knew that Rose Marlowe was very proud, with all her poverty, and Mrs. Chinson felt a little "taken back."

She arose and extended her hand cordially.

"Why, Rose!" she exclaimed, pleasantly, "I am glad to see you. Come with me to your room, my dear."

For Mrs. Chinston was saying to herself: "What a fright the child looks in that horrid calico! I'll get her into one of my last season's dresses as soon as possible."

Rose followed her conducter quietly through the beautiful garden to the house. Her head was erect and her eyes flashed proudly.

"She is ashamed of me," thought the girl, choking back the sobs which began to rise in her throat.

Once up in her neat chamber Rose was at her ease.

Mrs. Chinston insisted upon arraying her in one of her elegant dresses which was really simple; and Rose accepted it because she felt that as Mrs. Chinston's companion, she must not appear shabby in the presence of that lady's guests.

It was a fine evening about three days after Rose Marlowe's arrival at Verlow that Colonel Frederic Maxwell, owner of Cheepside, the neighboring estate, had wandered away from his fellow sportsmen and was walking slowly homeward through the fields, his thoughts busy. His musings were suddenly awakened by a faint, startled cry of agony.

He sprang forward, and beheld on issuing from the woods a fearful sight—there, twenty yards from him, was Rose Marlowe moving here and there in wild fear, distractedly calling for help, her dress, which had been evidently plaited by one of the children's firecrackers thrown carelessly about, was on fire.

A group of frightened women was gathered a safe distance off, holding their gauzy toilets about, fearful of coming in contact with the unhappy girl, only lending her the aid of their screams.

Coming across the lawn at full speed were several gentlemen. But Rose's life depended on seconds. Her dress was composed of the lightest materials, and helped by the breeze—the motion—the flames were rising with fearful rapidity to her arms, her face.

She was becoming a pillar of fire.

At the first glance Maxwell took all this in. In an instant he saw that there was but one chance to save her.

He had no coat to envelop her in.

But as he might with his hands upon those flames he could not beat them out—at least, until they had done worse injury than even perhaps death.

There was but one hope.

The river.

Rushing to the girl and throwing his arms about her he exclaimed firmly: "Do not be alarmed. Trust yourself to me, miss. The river—the river! Come—pray have no fear! I can swim—I can support you!"

Maxwell felt that he should never forget the glance of the dark eyes she turned on him.

"The river—the river! Thank heaven!" she cried, "you have saved me! Where—where!"

It was close by—here at their feet.

A minute, and his arm was about her, and they had both plunged in.

There was a blaze of light, a fierce hiss, then darkness.

Then Maxwell in alarm found the girl had broken away from him.

Hardly had he risen to the surface when he heard her address him fervently.

"Thank you, you have saved my life!"

"You can swim?" he asked, surprised.

"Oh, yes, well; but in my awful terror I never thought of the river. I was so very frightened. My head now reels. I—I must get ashore."

"Can I help you?"

She did not answer, but struck more quickly out.

Maxwell held back. He saw eager hands extended to her. He saw her step on the bank, then reel and drop into the arms of a maid of Mrs. Chinston's.

Maxwell, having no desire to pass through the crowd of excited guests in his wet and soiled clothes, swam rather lower down and landed near his boathouse. A few days later Rose left her room and came down-stairs looking fair and sweet in the pretty white organdie, trimmed with ruffles and lace, and a fragrant red rose in her golden braids.

Col. Maxwell was one of the guests—he advanced from amid the crowd—"I am rejoiced, Miss Marlowe, to see you so recovered. I hoped you had escaped all injury, but I feared you would be hurt more than you appear to be."

"And that I am not, I owe all to you," she said, as she frankly gave him her hand. "Your suggestion saved me from fearful injury, if not death—and—and how can I ever repay the debt?"

"To say you thank me, Miss Marlowe—with the pleasure of having served you—is reward enough," he said. "After all my service was small. You see you could swim." He was at her side during the entire evening, and Rose sought her own room, conscious of having been the object of Colonel Maxwell's undivided attention—something really to be proud of, she had found out—for each of the other ladies had appeared greatly flattered by any show of interest in her own particular welfare, which he chose to evince. He was a great favorite with all the company and as the days went by Rose awoke to the knowledge of the growing jealousy and dislike for herself which the lady guests began in various petty matters to display.

It disturbed Rose greatly, until she remembered that she had done no harm or wrong—nothing to deserve it. After that it annoyed her very little and she went on in the even tenor of her way.

There was not an unmarried woman at Verlow that would not have said "yes" with heartfelt gratitude to a proposal of marriage from the owner of Cheepside.

But Colonel Maxwell had much more sense than to pin his faith or affection either upon any of the painted dolls who had come to Verlow to dawdle away the long summer days and angle for rich husbands.

He admired Rose Marlowe from the very first. The simple earnestness of the girl charmed him. He perceived readily enough that her mind was not upon the matrimonial market, and so, as time passed, he awoke to the fact that he loved her dearly, and Rose could not help loving him in return, for this golden glory which had come into her lowly life made her very happy.

Now Maxwell was far seeing, and he easily discovered the petty jealousies and heart-burnings around them, and one day he found out something far worse than he had anticipated.

By accident he overheard a conversation of the lady guests who had been most zealous in their endeavors to win his "manly affections," a conversation which revealed a vile plot.

They had laid a plan to wound and humiliate Rose Marlowe, and to make her believe that he, Colonel Maxwell, was to be married in the early winter to a Devonshire lady and had been only amusing himself at her expense. Frederic Maxwell sat silent and listened to every word of the plot. Then, with a curious twinkle in his handsome dark eyes, he left his seat and went straight into the garden in search of Rose. He found her in a cool, green arbor, and there he told her of his great love for her, and begged her to become his wife.

They were together a long time, and in the cool of the evening they rowed down the river in Colonel Maxwell's boat.

It was the first time that summer that a lady had been out rowing with him, and it was the last drop in the bucket for the jealous hearts at Verlow. They decided that the blow which they had planned should fall upon Rose's defenceless head that very night.

She was sitting in the garden in the moonlight—she was very pale and still, but there was a calm look in her dark eyes which revealed a happy secret.

The two who had formed the plot to destroy her happiness, drew near her now as though by accident, and pretending not to be aware of Rose's vicinity.

"I should like to know," remarked one, carelessly, "what Colonel Maxwell's fiancee would say if she knew of his flirtation with Miss Marlowe?"

"Yes, indeed," sighed the other. "Poor girl, little does she dream of his behavior when he is absent from her. He is the most unmitigated flirt I ever saw in my life. I would like to see the to-be Mrs. Maxwell now, and—"

She paused in speechless astonishment as Colonel Maxwell suddenly appeared upon the scene with Rose leaning upon his arm. He bowed courteously.

"I am most happy to be able to oblige you," he said, pleasantly. "Ladies, since you desire so much to see Mrs. Maxwell, allow me to present you to my wife! We were married this evening."

Oh, the sensation, and, oh, the disappointment and chagrin.

"Dear Frederic," said Rose, gently, turning from them all and leaning her face against his broad shoulder, "let us pray that we may live long, long happy years together."

Lizzie.

I wonder if all women air
Like Lizzie is when we go out
To theaters an' concerts where
Is things the papers talk about.
Do other wimmin fret an' stew
Like they was bel'; crucified—
Frettin' a show or concert through,
With wonderin' of the baby cried?

Now Lizzie knows that gran'ma's there
To see that everything is right,
Yet Lizzie thinks that gran'ma's care
Ain't good enuff fr baby, quite;
Yet what can I do answer, when
She kicks up fidgets at my side,
An' asks me every now an' then:
"I wonder if the baby cried?"

Seems like she's seen two little eyes
A-pinin' fr their mother's smile—
Seems like she hears the pleadin' cries
Ov one she thinks w'all the while;
An' so she's sorry that she come,
An' though she alone tries to hide
The truth, she'd rather stay to hum
Than wonder if the baby cried

Yes, wimmin fo ks is all alike—
By Lizzie you kin judge the rest;
There never was a little tyke,
But that his mother loved him best,
An' nex' to bein' what I be—
The husband ov my gentle bride—
I'd wish I was that croodlin' wee,
With Lizzie wondering of I cried.

—*Chicago News.*

Laughing and Weeping.

Why we laugh and why we weep are mysterious questions that few can answer. It is generally believed that we laugh for joy and weep for sorrow, but the influences that cause men to thus give vent to their feelings are as eccentric as they are varied. To turn light on the problem a Washington *Post* reporter sought Dr. W. A. Hammond.

"I suppose the most prominent cause of laughter," he responded, in a reply to a question, "is a sudden revolution of the emotions, that is, a change from one emotion to another, especially when the changes are of a pleasant character. Thus, for instance, when we have been reading something rather calculated to excite grief and we come to something of a ridiculous character our tendency is to laugh, while if we had the ridiculous all through we probably would not laugh at all. Then we laugh at attempted wit rather than at true wit. True wit excites pleasure but does not produce laughter, as does buffoonery. We laugh at the antics of a clown but not at the sayings of Moliere."

"What is the immediate cause of laughter?"

"It is the reflex action excited by the causes I have mentioned acting through the brain and nervous system upon the respiratory muscles throwing them into spasmodic action. Laughter is a spasm of the respiratory muscles accompanied by a relaxation of the muscles of the face and sometimes by the shedding of tears."

"At what age do people laugh most?"

"I think it is not often the case that adult men laugh. They smile, but laughing is in greater part confined to women and children. A man or child laughs readily, and an elderly person who has long passed the middle of life is very apt to laugh at slight causes. This however, is dangerous for them to do as they may bring on apoplexy, or drop dead from some heart disease if they indulge too immoderately. I have known several instances of death being brought on in this way by old people. Then persons of enfeebled faculties will laugh at certain things which would not excite a ripple with an adult of well-ordered mind. A very curious circumstance connected with laughter is that, especially with children, and sometimes with women, and frequently with old people, the visible expression of the emotion does not correspond with their real feeling. They laugh when surprised. I had a student once who laughed whenever he saw a funeral. He meant to cry rather than to laugh. There was another who laughed immoderately whenever he read the obituary columns of a newspaper. He said he did so because he felt so sorry. He would laugh from five to ten minutes at a time before he could control himself."

"Do not ignorant people laugh more than the educated?"

"Yes; that is because they have not been so accustomed to control their emotions as are people of refined life. But the reasons for laughter are most intricate. I have a patient who laughs over a solemn French book he is reading. He laughs over it in a most excitable manner, but what he laughs at I cannot imagine."

"What are the facts in regard to weeping?"

"Weeping, the shedding of tears, is rarely indulged in by adult men of good minds for causes of real sorrow. Old persons, women and children, weep; men of well ordered minds do not. Man does not weep, as a rule, under pain; he may groan, but he does not shed tears, though children and women will do so often on slight occasions."

"What produces weeping?"

Generally physical pain. Adults do not usually express sympathy for real suffering with tears. It is a very curious thing that men will witness the real suffering of a poor woman having her leg amputated in a perfectly stoical manner. They go to the theater, and seeing a girl taking the part of one in distress, shed tears during half the play. I have looked upon many distressing scenes unmoved, so far as weeping is concerned, but upon watching acted suffering I have had tears come into my eyes. A remarkable example of this principle is that of Nana Sahib, the Indian mutineer. He could never read a pitiful story without crying over it, yet he inflicted the most terrible tortures on the women and women who fell into his hands and seemed to enjoy their misery."

"At what age do people weep most readily?"

"The said, pleasantly: "Ladies, since you desire so much to see Mrs. Maxwell, allow me to present you to my wife! We were married this evening." readiness to shed tears is very well marked in old people, especially when they are suffering from some brain disease, such as apoplexy, or have suffered from it. They weep over trifles. I had under my care at one time one of the most eminent gentlemen of his time, who occupied a post next to the highest under his government, who would cry because his coffee was cold, and yet that man's mind in its best condition was one of the best this this country ever produced. I have seen the cry for ten minutes on such occasions. He was suffering from brain disease. Some people can't weep even when they want to, though the grief of these persons is very distressing, and is very apt to produce serious disturbance of the nervous system, and when tears do come it is a great relief to them."

"What effect do these emotions have on people?"

"I think that laughter is better for mankind than weeping. I think those amusements which tend to produce laughter, tend, other things being equal, to prolong life, while those circumstances that tend to produce weeping and emotional distress tend to shorten life."

"What harm might excessive laughter cause?"

"It might cause death."

"What would be the effect of excessive weeping?"

"People are much more apt to die from that than from laughter. Laughter kills only as it interferes with the action of the heart or as it would restrict the muscles of respiration so greatly that they press upon the large muscles of the neck and cause apoplexy; whereas weeping produces heart disease quite often. It is better to laugh than to weep, that is certain.

Midsummer Books and Pleasure.

In the very heart of midsummer there are few books that you care to read. For now is the season of rest from all books which are read for instruction. As for reading to be amused—the time that you have for amusement is now spent in the open air. The poetry and the romance of living are in the mountains, or on the lakes and the sea. Why should you read a lyric in summer, when you can take a canoe and paddle up a shady stream, with the lily-pads crowding around the bow, and the alders and birches leaning toward you, while some bird along the shore pipes a song for you to the very music and rhythm which Shelley and Keats once caught!

Or if you scorn lyrics, but love adventure, why should you read a romance of Africa or the Wild West, when you can within six hours of the city find very respectable mountains—out of reach of the mob of summer boarders—where you can climb for hours along winding trails, or strike out into the unbroken woods, along moss-covered ridges and over rocky summits—far away from the haste and noise of the market, in the clean air of the high levels. You can do this in forty eight hours, and return to work, feeling that "you have had a little romance in yours," prosaic as the rest of the week may be. And you are not too old at forty or fifty, or sixty for that kind of romance. You can roll off a decade of years for every thousand feet of altitude, and on a mountain summit you are, like Faust, a very young man again, with the world to win and hope to do it.—*Life.*

German Cheek.

A gentleman was travelling in a smoking-compartment on the New York Central the other day, and at a certain station a German entered the carriage and took his seat opposite to him. When the train had started, the German, noticing the other's Havana, inquired if he could oblige him with a cigar. The American, astonished at the request, reluctantly pulled out his case, and saw with disgust the other select the best cigar he could find, and produce a match from his pocket and light it. After taking a few puffs, with evident enjoyment, the German, beaming at his companion through his spectacles, said, affably:

"I could not haf droubled you, but I had a match in mein boggit, und I did not know vat to do mit it."

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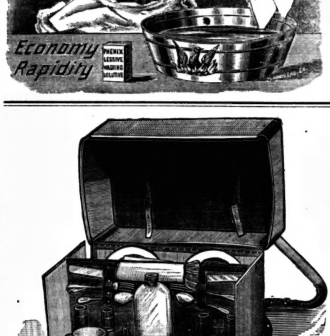

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A Matter of Acoustics.

"Where were you, Sally, when you heard me call you for dinner?"
"Across the street."
"And where were you when you didn't hear me call you to go to bed?"
"In the corner."—*Life.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Is the World Growing Better?

The question is frequently asked whether on the whole the world is growing better or worse, whether mankind to day are more moral, honest and humane than their ancestors of one or two centuries ago? There are always those who are disposed to praise "the good old times" and see nothing but degeneracy in the present. The talk about "these degenerate days" dates back to Homer, whose song abounds in complaints of the decay of manly virtue in comparison with the strength and valor of the heroes whose feats he celebrates. Despite the utterances of pessimists, ancient and modern, no mind that has thoroughly cleared itself of cant and is capable of taking a calm and impartial survey of life and manners as gleaned from history, literature and personal observation can doubt that the world is by slow degrees improving. People are certainly more humane and philanthropic than they used to be. Look for instance at the public excitement aroused over the Maybrick poisoning case, only one out of many in which a capital conviction upon what appears rather dubious evidence has stirred up a wide-spread agitation for the remission of the death penalty. A hundred years ago our ancestors hung men and women in batches for such offences as sheep stealing and coining and nobody's sensibilities were outraged. Who in those good old days among the well-to do ever troubled themselves about the condition of the poor? A few sentimentalists and agitators perhaps, but the great mass of society regarded the "lower classes" as born to suffer and sometimes to starve, and thought nothing further about the matter. Even the most casual acquaintance with modern literature will show that the social question is now everywhere regarded as one of supreme importance. Leaders of thought are abandoning the abstractions of metaphysics and dogmatic theology and turning their attention to the betterment of the condition of the masses. Prisoners' aid societies, fresh air funds and a thousand similar practical schemes for the rescue of fallen humanity and the relief of suffering, testify to the growing consideration for the happiness of others, which is one of the characteristics of our times. There was nothing resembling it a hundred years ago. Let a child be cruelly treated, and how quickly the public indignation is aroused against actions which a few generations ago would have passed as matters of course. There is far more kindliness and sympathetic brotherly feeling among men to-day than ever there was before—much less intolerance—in spite of the clerical and other bigots, and an increasing recognition of the truth that "an injury to one is the concern of all." Wars are becoming less frequent notwithstanding the far greater clashing of interests and mutual rivalries consequent upon commercial expansion. There is no reason to suppose that men are less honest either in public or in private matters than they were of old, when it is considered that the frauds and swindles and robberies, political or otherwise, committed throughout the whole continent are focussed for our edification in a single newspaper. Before the days of the telegraph and enterprising journalism, nine tenths of the crimes and misdeeds which make us sigh over the depravity of these modern days, would never have been heard of outside the locality where they were committed. The worst of the political jobs would never have been heard of at all, or if they happened to leak out would have been regarded as quite in the usual course of business. In the good old days, politicians bribed constituencies by wholesale and sold themselves to governments for titles, offices or estates, without causing any scandal. It was looked on as a necessary evil. The world is certainly improving, but we may be certain that some of our descendants in the latter part of the twentieth century, when things are still better, will in turn be found denouncing the degeneracy of the age and looking back regretfully to the good old nineteenth century as the vanished golden age. It is human nature.

Mountain Railways.

Among the many wonderful feats of engineering with which the present time is so replete must be placed the facilities by which high elevations are ascended by railways. In Switzerland, as one might expect, particular attention is paid to mountain railroading with such success that one can already attain to a great elevation by means of the iron horse. A Belgian paper says that the inclined railways that once were considered steep, with gradients of 30, 40 and 50 per cent., are now relegated to the wonders that have been. It states that Mount Pilatus is now climbed by a gradient which is officially stated to be 48 per cent., but which sometimes attains to 75 per cent. The start is made from Alpnach on the Lake of Lucerne and in ninety minutes the summit is reached, the traveler being comfortably dragged in his carriage up the precipitous peaks of this celebrated mountain, which is more than 2,000 metres high—nearly a mile and a half. The traveler is assured that he is perfectly safe, yet many of them make the ascent with closed eyes and hands tightly clenched. It will soon be unnecessary for the lazy tourist to adopt Mark Twain's method of climbing the mountains by means of an agent.

MUSIC

Mr. W. O. Forsyth has succeeded in impressing the German publishers with an appreciation of the value of his work. In the autumn several of his works will appear, published on the continent. A series of piano Etudes and a Fantaisie Caprice for the violin will be among the number.

*

I have frequently been asked "why don't you ventilate this abuse? Why don't you expose that humbug!" and other questions of similar import in reference to the hundred and one little pieces of arrogance, ignorance, and presumption that come before the public in general, but which are perhaps more readily seen by musicians themselves. The question itself, and the implied compliment to my championship of truth which is conveyed in the appeal, are very flattering to my reputation for fearless scoring of charlatanism but—— I am afraid that if I were to tilt at every windmill that my sensitive friends descry on the horizon I should have a better reputation for hotheadedness, than for discretion. No, I do not expect to set the whole musical world right, and I won't try to; but I will help you, gentle reader, if you wish to do a little sweeping in front of your own door. If you are dissatisfied with any phase of musical effort in this neighborhood, kindly write me a letter saying what you feel and think upon the subject, and equally kindly try and muster up enough courage to sign it with your own name, and it shall appear in this column, always provided that it is not too abusive and personal. I am sure that nothing would please the conductors of SATURDAY NIGHT better than that its musical column should be a debating ground where questions of moment to the profession may be ventilated.

*

O. B. Sheppard has engaged the following musical attractions for the Grand Opera House this season: Carleton Opera Co., one week; Duff Opera Co., one week; Juch Opera Co., three nights and matinee; Boston Ideal Opera Co., three nights and matinee; the Corsair (Rice's), one week; the Bostonians, three nights and matinee; Nadjy, one week; Said Pasha, three nights and matinee; Emma Abbott Grand Opera Co., one week, and Evangeline, three nights and matinee—a total of seven and a half weeks of music by the best American companies. Mr. Sheppard is also negotiating with Patti and her grand opera company and feels certain of closing a two nights' engagement. By the way, Patti's manager only asks $15,000 for the two nights.

METRONOME.

The Little Bird That Tells.

For Saturday Night.

A farm house garden, years ago:
A wee maid trotting to and fro
In search of that bird—one of childhood's cares—
The bird th t mothers' watching shares;
Close-eying the lawn—each hollow and mound,
But th : tell-tale bird was not to be found.

She wonders if, with childish fear,
He watches, aye, the little girl here;
Or if he sometimes goes away,
To where the rest of the children play,
And tells of their not wearing hats,
And when they pet the "scratchy" cats.

And can he see into all upstairs,
And know when the rest don't say their prayers?
Does he go and tell on Sabbath days—
The fun they're having aint Sunday plays,
Don't folks ever catch him and kill h m dead
"He's a mean little bird," aloud, she said.

Her search of the lawn is now complete,
She enters the garden with eager feet,
And patiently peers in each leafy nook
For a bird with a rather uncommon look.
"If once I saw him," said little miss,
"I'd look around for him, after this.

He can't be like another bird,
For they won't tell me a single word.
And this one whispers, mam i said,"
And then she laughed and shook her head,
"She mustn't tell more," she said, "to-day,"
Or p'raps he'd hear and go away.

I watched a bird, way up in a tree;
He was lookin' down almost at me.
So I said out loud—not a'posin' he'd know;
"Little birdie, where did my daughter go?"
An' he never answered a single word,
So he couldn't have been the right kind of bird.

Dear little heart; its your innocent face,
Unmarred by a single world-wise trace;
Your chubby cheeks where the blushes rise,
The thoughts that shine in your baby eyes
Like pebbles that lie in deep clear wells—
Your face, little girl—is the bird that "tells."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

The Drama.

A gentleman living in the city, who was much interested in the extract from the *Theater*, concerning Adelaide Neilson, published in this column two weeks ago, sends me the following sketch and verses on the death of a young English actress, whose early death terminated the prospects of a bright career: "Some few years back there was a young and graceful actress in London, Eng., whose simplicity and goodness gained for her the esteem of all who knew her. Her name was Nelly Moore. She was the Ada Ingot to Sothern's David Garrick at the Haymarket Theater, and the original "Lancashire Lass" in H. J. Byron's drama of that name. She died while yet very young and was buried in Brompton Cemetery. Soon after her burial a piece of cardboard was found on her grave, with some lines written in pencil. Believing that they have never been in print before, possibly the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT might like to read them.

NELLY MOORE.

Thalias' gifted votress, chaste and fair,
Thy loss, how many with thy kindred share!
In art and nature unaffected grace
Shone in the charm that lit thy fairy face.
Thy spotless life, affectionate, devout,
In fond remembrance dwells undimm'd by doubt;
That is our solace while the surging tear
Flows in a flood for one beloved and dear.
Now from this world thy spirit finds release,
No vain regrets should chase thy lasting peace,
While all who knew thee feel thine exit sore,
Dear sainted Nelly—guileless Nelly Moore.

M. Damala, the husband of Sara Bernhardt, died in Paris last Sunday of cerebral congestion.

*

Maggie Mitchell owns up to fifty-seven years. She has waited long for the sensation and the advertisement of divorce!

*

Mr. J. A. Toole, a well-known theatrical man, will be the local manager of the Toronto Opera House for the coming season.

*

Mr. John Nicholson, who was treasurer of the Grand Opera House when Mrs. Charlotte Morrison was the lessee, is in the city on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Morrison. Mr. Nicholson is a resident of New York and holds a position in the custom house there.

*

Rosina Vokes says she knows a delightful man in England (who is suspected to be Cecil Clay), the father of a bright little six year-old boy. One day he asked the youngster what profession he would like to follow when grown up. "Oh, a p'liceman or a soldier," was the quick response; but seeing a look of disappointment in the paternal face, he added: "But after all, papa, if the worst comes to the worst, I can always be an actor."

*

Stephen Fiske in his Random Reminiscences in the American Musician relates the following anecdote as one of the late E. A. Sothern's irrepressible practical jokes: "One night in London just as the audience were going into the St. James' Theater (of which Fiske was manager), a dray drawn by four horses blocked the street, and an immense sugar hogshead was unloaded in front of the door. Carriages were stopped; people could not get to the box office, and confusion was worse confounded. When Manager Fiske had regulated matters by having the hogshead rolled away, he happened to touch it and found that it was empty. Inside was tacked an ordinary note from Sothern inviting his friend to dine with him at his convenience.

"Fiske retaliated the next day, when he hired two drays and bought two loads of the largest packing cases in which to convey his card and a formal acceptance of the comedian's invitation."

The Devil's Sonata.

A remark made by Metronome in his fine musical column in SATURDAY NIGHT, August 17, that a "witty Frenchman has said 'If Joachim plays like a God, Sarasate plays like a Devil,'" reminded me of a concert I once attended at St. James' Hall, Picadilly, some five or six years ago. I was living at the time in a queer old house in a dingy square in Bayswater. It was a French pension, solely for daily governesses, or those looking "for a place;" and it was filled with women of all ages, mostly foreigners.

The life of a daily governess in London is not a very enviable one, but it has its glimpses of brightness and humor; and it is well that it is so, for at best it is a depressing life. How well I remember it! And how hard it was to make ends meet and keep up a lady-like appearance on $6 a week. Some of my readers will perhaps think that $6 a week is pretty good pay, when one can clothe oneself so cheaply over there as compared with Canada. Well, in the first place if you are a stranger in London and quite alone there, it behooves you to find a boarding-house of exceptional respectability; so that you cannot go to a very cheap place. At the very least you will pay $4 a week for board and room, leaving $2 for washing, dress, rent of piano (if you teach music you can hardly be without one) and tu'penny 'bus or underground railway fares, as the distances are long in London, and often one's pupils live far apart. At Madame Roland's there were at that time but two English women, one Scotch girl, the dearest and prettiest little woman in the world, and myself, a descendant (be not doubtful, O readers) of the kings of Connaught. Home rule for ever! Forgive my little burst of patriotism. We English-speaking people chummed together, that is all but one little old governess, whom it would take the pen of a Dickens to describe. To say that Miss Andrews was eccentric would be to "draw it mild." She was decidedly a little mad. She took a violent fancy to me because of the brogue, and she would often cheer me up when I was in my greatest hurry, only to hear me say "me darlin'" over and over again. We got up a little Bohemian club and had delightful evenings in Birdie Gray's room, which was larger than Dot's (my Scotch girl) or mine, and which had besides a nice piano in one corner. I wonder would the rich grocer's wife at Brixton, to whose daughters Dot gave lessons in German and music, have had anything more to do with her, if she saw her, as I have often seen her, sitting after a long day's teaching in a shabby but eminently becoming old velvet wrapper, smoking a cigarette and listening to Birdie's sweet, melancholy voice as she sang that lovely thing of Jean Ingelow's "Ships are a-crossing at Sea," while a pair or two of manly legs roved about somewhere in the background. Well—never mind! it was very innocent enjoyment, as most Bohemian enjoyments are, and it helped us all wonderfully through next day's dull work. I shall never forget the first evening I knocked at Miss Andrew's door with an invitation to join our meeting in Birdie's room! She called out "come in" and as I had never been there before I was amazed when I got inside. Miss A—— would not allow a maid or dust pan anywhere near her, and she did her own cooking up there, and gave lessons on the violin for she was very clever and could always get pupils. This night she was sitting up in bed with a garment something like a watchman's great-coat round her shoulders. Close against her bed was a very large round table which revolved so that when she touched it she could turn it around and get whatever she wanted without getting out of bed. It was covered with the most incongruous articles. A pair of dirty-white satin shoes, a violin, a ham-bone with an empty beer bottle beside it, and a little hunk of cheese with a broken roll of bread, were some of the extraordinary objects lying cheek by jowl upon it.

"See, my dear," she said, as I entered, "how convenient it is when I m in bed, just touch the table and there I have my lunch all ready. Again, there is my violin and the tickets for Sarasate's concert. Have you ever heard him? No, of course not, you dear Irish creature! Well, you must come with me to m orrow. I'll introduce you to him, my dear, I speak Spanish. He'll be delighted to meet anyone who can speak Spanish, my dear. You know, my dear, he is just like the devil. No, my dear, I mean he plays like the devil—no: that I ever heard him play—I mean the devil, my dear, but there, there, you will understand me, you dear clever Irish creature, just like your nation, dear, ignorant, clever creatures. No, my dear, I can't come to your delightful little club, thank you all very much. Be ready, my dear, to-morrow, we must be in good time. Oh, don't go, don't go!" she called shrilly after me, "I want to get that Irish word right again. Will you say it just once my dear, 'me dawlin'; I can't get the R at all. Irish people must have a special kind of tongue, I think." Thus she ran on while I said "me darlin" five or six times, and at last fairly ran out of the room.

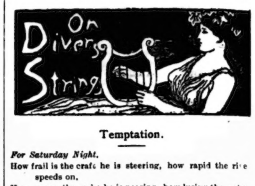
Next day we set out in a tu'penny bus for the concert. Miss Andrews and I got separated somehow, and she screamed at me volubly in French all the way, much to the amusement of the other passengers and to my distress, till at last I looked steadily out of the window and took no notice of her, though I could hear her telling her neighbor—a fat old lady—that I was "a dear Irish creature, my dear, a little excitable and violent, just like her poor, wild country, you know," until the fat old lady, as I could see by the frightened look on her face evidently took me for a dangerous lunatic, and I could joyfully have punched Miss Andrews' head. We got a very good place in the gallery at St. James' Hall, and for a while we watched the aristocracy assembling in the seats beneath until the arrival of the Princess of Wales and suite, when the concert at once commenced.

Miss Andrews was very quiet for she was a thorough musician, but she had a very large Gamp-like umbrella with her and a roll of bread of extraordinary length which she had bought at a little French restaurant in Bond street and which added to her odd appearance. She wore a large straw hat like a basket upside down tied with green ribbons, and an amber necklace, and some kind of coat like an overgrown boy's jacket which with her little weazened face and bob-curls looked, to say the least of it, remarkable. First came Joachim with his calm phlegmatic face and slow movements. He played divinely and was encored over and over, but I was all impatient for the appearance of Sarasate. At last the great Spanish violinist came on the stage and was greeted with round after round of applause, while Miss Andrews began to get excited, and stood up in her seat crying, "Welcome Senor!" and something else in Spanish just as though he could hear her. Sarasate was to play The Devil's Sonata by Tartini; and surely no music in the world suited his style better. He is a little man with very big fierce-looking mustache, and a bright, keen look. There is a legend attached to the Devil's Sonata which runs thus: One night Tartini after a long day's study during which he failed to get the proper inspiration for a scene in an opera he was composing, threw himself on his bed, much dispirited and fell into a deep sleep. He thought that, as he lay there his door opened, and a man clothed in sombre garments, with a livid face, and great burning eyes entered and taking up the violin, began to play. Never did human hands produce such sounds, and Tartini fairly wept with delight and shuddered with horror as the Devil played on and on till at last the strains becoming wilder and wilder ended in a thunder-clap in which man and violin vanished and Tartini awoke to find himself alone Seizing his violin he remembered some of the music but not all and then he wrote what Pablo Sarasate was about to play. I shall never forget it. The opening movement came slowly and softly, with a note of despair in it, and presently the music swelled up and filled the great hall as with the shriekings of the damned, until it seemed not one, but a hundred violins were sobbing out upon the air. Sarasate, too, acted in unison with the violin; he moved rapidly from one side to the other, his eyes dilated, his whole figure enlarged, his face illumined and was grand with the soul of the man which shone through his great eyes. Wilder and wilder grew the music, until the wonderful movement ended in an accumulation of sounds that I cannot describe. A hundred voices seemed united in a mighty cry for pardon that might well reach God's throne; and I could hardly believe that one man alone could produce such sounds. I was overwhelmed. The tears were running down my cheeks, though I knew nothing of them, while Miss Andrews waved her roll of bread and umbrella together, and stamped and kissed hands to the player till I thought sure enough she had gone mad.

When the concert was over, and no one played after that wonderful music, Miss Andrews took me down to a room under the stage, to introduce me to the great musican. I do not know if she herself ever met him before, but now she rushed up to him, seized him in her arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, much to my horror, though the little man did not seem to think anything of it. She then dragged me forward, and introduced me as "a dear Irish creature who loved Sarasate with all her soul," making rather free with my affections, I thought. I looked at the violin and wondered if it were really an ordinary one, or an infernal instrument. Sarasate noticed me and he touched his little friend very tenderly as he said: "Si Senorita, I love it dearly." So we said good-bye and jogged home in our tu'penny bus to the dingy old house in the square and I felt there were worse ways of earning my bread than as a daily governess whose lines indeed often fell "in pleasant places" in the heart of old London city. Yes, Metronome, truly Pablo Sarasate plays "like a devil," and I hope that you and I will be present when he makes his bow in Toronto, before one of the finest musical audiences in the world.

KIT.

"If we hope to instruct others," says Coleridge, "we should familiarize our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action."



Temptation.

For Saturday Night.

How frail is the craft he is steering, how rapid the river speeds on,
How many the rocks he is nearing, how luring the water go's song.

How gay rings his happy young laughter, as tossed in the play of the stream,
Courageous and brave he sails after the fair golden fleece of his dream.

Once only, the tears rise to blind him, 'tis when he looks backward and sees,
The mother and home far behind him—then trims his sail again to the breeze.

Ah, me! the reef under the foam crest was first to grate hard on the keel,
He passed it when leaving the home-nest, but sharp was the shock he could feel.

Down farther some bold rocks are catching what driftwood the waters supply,
With careful and diligent watching he pilots his boat safely by.

And here is a snag where the river runs dizzily onward and fast,
His shallop flies by with a shiver, thank Heaven that danger is past.

O! horror, he sees in the distance sand bars, is he running aground!
But no, with a giant resistance, to clear them he swings the boat 'round.

Here's a whirlpool, calm seem its terrors, insensibly he is drawn in,
His eyes can distinguish no errors, his conscience belittles the sin.

Its grasp is the grasp of a demon, and whispering faintly a prayer,
With efforts almost superhuman, he pulls from that deadliest snare.

The struggle has made him so weary he rests for a space on his oar,
And looks from the river now dreary to the sweetness of sky and shore.

Red and saffron the clouds glow above him, the sun in a splendor des ends,
The world looks as tho' it could love him, and he laughs as we laugh on friends.

How brilliant the scene, so much stronger than shadows which 'round him remain,
He'll watch it but one moment longer, then look to his helm again.

And so he lies idle, and drifting, forgetting his life-boat to steer.
Nor seeing some dark rocks uplifting, sure there can be nothing to fear!

O, fool! had he only but striven to turn from that sky color-flecked—
Too late, his frail shallop is riven, O, God! on the rocks he is wrecked.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Old, Old Story.

For Saturday Night.

Oh, what a charming creature! There grace in every feature.
Oh, that my heart could reach her by the little arts of love!
O, sweet anticipation, of a little gay flirtation
With this queen of all creation. How it makes my pulses move!

O, my heart is full of yearning, as I watch her proud eyes burning
With the very soul of learning, and hear her words divine;
My heart is prest concealing, and before her I am kneeling,
My love and life revealing, and ask her to be mine.

O, my soul is full of pleasure, beyond all infinite measure,
For I have won the treasure that will make my life complete.
My thoughts run wild with madness—I overflow with gladness,
For I never dream of sadness when everything is sweet.

But time tells every story, and all my dreams of glory
Have proven transitory, in a service absolute.
That really charming creature has turned from wife to preacher,
An earthquake wouldn't teach her that I am not a brute.

I'm feeling much dejected, and everything connected
With me is quite neglected. It really is absurd
To think that I am fated to be so oddly mated
With a mind so elevated—above the common herd.

She talks of myths and muses, or anything she chooses,
But to hear me speak refuses if I hint of meals deferred;
And every night I greet her, she has some verse or metre
She says is really sweeter than anything I've heard.

She'll write an ode or sonnet to an ugly summer bonnet,
And ask my views upon it, with sundry playful threats,
But my heart forgets its yearning for her rythms, rhymes and learning,
When a fellow's toast is burning, and his coffee she forgets.

I tell her she's poetantic, for she raves till I am frantic
Of things she calls romantic, in the latest story books.
It's tough for a hungry sinner to feast on a hashed-up dinner,
And feel he is getting thinner on soup and poetic looks.

My boy, beware of courting; it's rather dangerous sporting.
The end of your consorting may be a trifle rough.
Fight shy of female rhymers, those dreamy, star-dazed climbers
Get one of the good "old timers," and you've got the "solid stuff!"

LONDON SOUTH, ONT. SAM GREENWOOD.

A Sighing Song

For Saturday Night.

O, maiden with that dark brown hair,
With eyes so bright and smile so sweet,
Thy beauty seems more wonderous fair
Than that upon the earth we meet.

Now as thou standest radiant there
Gazing upon the dance apart,
Strong comes the longing to declare
The passion throbbing in my heart.

I could unfold, that thou alone
Of all the maidens I have seen
Can for this hollow world atone
And turn the withered leaf to green.

But why should I disturb thy peace
'Tis but a dream which ne'er can be,
Yet still I hope, though fate cries "Cease!"
To see thee must suffice for me.

What Caused the Coolness.

"Blingley, why does Oldboy refuse to speak to you?" "You used to be great friends."

"Yes when we were bachelors, but he's married now."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well the fact is, I made him a handsome wedding present of a book, and he hasn't spoken to me since."

"What was the book?"

"Paradise Lost."

Noted People.

Mrs. Oliphant is writing a book about Edinburgh.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is helping to organize an anti-woman suffrage society in England

Joaquin Miller is described as "a slender, sparely built man well along in years, with long, yellowish white hair that lays on his shoulders in curls."

Dr. Stainer, the eminent organist of Westminster Abbey, a man who has done much for the cause of church music, is to be knighted as a recognition of his worth in art and religion.

Miss Ethel M. Mackenzie, daughter of Sir Morell Mackenzie, has taken up journalism as a profession or a pastime. She has begun by playing the role of correspondent to American newspapers.

Miss Anna W. Williams, who sat for the picture of Liberty on the American silver dollar, is instructor in philosophy and kindergarten methods in the Girls' Normal School of Philadelphia.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in reviewing his life he finds that he has taken more interest in surgery than in poetry, but he realizes that his fame will rest upon the efforts of his pen, not of his knife.

The indignant Hadji Hussein Ghooly Khan will be succeeded as Persian Ambassador at Washington by Ammu Abdallah, who is said to be the fattest man in Persia. His weight is stated to be 347 pounds.

Alfred Parsons and E. A. Abbey, whose work constantly appears in conjunction in *Harper's Magazine*, are married to sisters, and the two families live in one house in a London suburb. Abbey is a very Anglicized American indeed.

The Queen of Roumania (Carmen Sylva) is staying with her mother, the Princess of Wied, in her old home at Neuwied, which is never more beautiful than during the summer months, when the famous rose garden is in bloom. The Queen has lately published a new volume of poems, which are much commended.

Miss Helen Gladstone, president of Newnham College, Cambridge, makes a statement calculated to create a tumult among the married men who take the opposite view. Miss Gladstone says the full cultivation of women's intellectual powers has no tendency to prevent them from properly discharging domestic duties.

Not long ago Mr. Gladstone was asked how much of Homer he could repeat by heart. He thought for a moment, and hesitated before replying, as though anxious not to overstate the case. At length he said: "Well, I think if you were to repeat the first line of any page of Homer I could continue the quotation to the end of the page."

Cardinal Newman is said to be as active at eighty-nine as he was when he and the century were a decade younger. Though his mind is clear as ever, his hands have forgotten their cunning. He writes only with great effort, and now the difficulty is increased by a slight failure of eyesight. But the Cardinal still sees well enough to read his daily paper.

One of Mrs. Alma-Tadema's treasures is a large sandalwood fan, on which are inscribed various famous autographs, together with tiny drawings and paintings and strains of music. Mme. Modjeska's large, graceful signature and George Du Maurier's small, flowing one are on adjoining blades. In the center is Edouard Detaille's name, accompanied by a drawing of a soldier.

A Deer Park special to the New York *Graphic* says: "General Tyner has felt exhausted since coming up from Washington. Mrs. Harrison accidently heard that the sick man craved what good housewives proudly call 'home-made' bread. She went at once to her kitchen, 'set' yeast, and General Tyner made his supper from a loaf made by the hands of the President's wife."

The London *Athenæum* says that the article in the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* on Mr. Wilfrid Ward's life of his father, bearing the signature of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, was written in part by Lady Tennyson, "whose keen interest and capacity in literature are known to a large circle of friends," and who at the last moment "became shy of publicity and left the subscription solely to her son."

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford was encouraged in her girlhood in her literary aspirations by Colonel F. W. Higginson, and he stood sponsor for her honesty when James Russell Lowell, then editing the *Atlantic*, thought that her first story, In a Cellar, must be a translation from the French. Her home is on Deer Island, in the Merrimac River. Within a few months she has been left a widow, after an uncommonly happy marriage of twenty-four years with a man even more brilliant socially than herself.

The dicta and sayings of the Shah are still being reported. One of the most amusing of them is a remark which he made during his visit to the Chateau of Lecken. When he was introduced into the great hall where the Queen of the Belgians stood in state, surrounded by all the court dignitaries, he said, in French, to the King, pointing to the group of ladies-in-waiting: "Your harem, sir!" The King, astonished and amused, said nothing; and the Shah, taking his silence for an affirmative, remarked mildly: "You will have to renew it."

The following happy retort is being credited to the recently appointed Archbishop of Toronto. One time, when Bishop Walsh was still a priest, in taking a certain journey by rail he had as fellow travelers in the same car a pair of fresh youths who imagined that to get ahead of them in wit it was necessary to rise with the lark, if not earlier. They soon entered into conversation with Father Walsh, and recognizing his calling by his shaven face and the garb he wore, one of them tried to be funny by saying, "Do you know that during the French Revolution every time a priest was guillotined a donkey was put to death at the same time?" "Yes," retorted the future bishop, quietly, "what a good thing for you and me that we were not there."

Mrs. Forsyth, the widowed daughter of a United States Consul and a beauty of Samoa, is an American, who at the age of thirty-six owns and manages tracts of 150,000 acres of fertile land. She employs hundreds of natives, builds and runs steamers, raises vast quantities of cotton, and with a partner controls one of the most extensive businesses in the South Sea Islands. She was of great assistance to our Consul in the negotiations for securing the use of the harbor of Pago-Pago as a coaling station, and recently offered to our Government twenty acres of her own property on the Island of Malulu for another station. The American Consul at Sydney says that she is better informed on the trade and commerce of the South Sea Islands than any other American south of the equator.

A certain correspondent of a Western journal has something to say of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage's smile. "It would frighten gloom," he says, "from the torture of the toothache, and chase joy on the wings of the morning. It spreads out like an overflow at the mouth of the Mississippi and sinks in like the depths of the ocean. With a countenance as solemn and as homely as a Sphinx, the smile breaks over it like the silver rift in a storm cloud or a dancing sunbeam across the gloomy mouth of the Mammoth Cave. The whole man is transformed, and the morgue-like shadows disappear in the glowing brightness of the noonday sun. You can see that smile as it slyly twinkles and wrinkles in the corner of the eye, then slyly steals downward and skirmishes along the expanse of cheek to the twitching lips, until it charges all along the line, captures the whole countenance and is lost in the mouth, which opens like a widening crevice in the earth's surface or the bellows to a church organ."

Fancies

PATTER, patter, patter," whispered the rain-drops, as they softly kissed the upturned faces of the flowers. The recipients of this cool attention were refreshed by the shower, after the long day in which the sun had been so genial and warm-hearted, that the grasses and trees and flowers were well nigh wilted and dead. His last, long rays had hardly disappeared, when the wind, taking pity on his little favorites, sent a playful zephyr to amuse them, and the cloud opened his arms and let the soft rain fall.

The moon rose, the flowers murmured, "Good-night," and soon the garden was quiet. There was no sound, save that of the little bird's querulous twitter as they nestled down into the downy, warm, but overcrowded nest, or the soft night-breeze rustling the leaves of the tall poplars.

It was a dear, old-fashioned garden, with all the sweet, old-time flowers in it. There were no fashionable exotics or hot-house beauties, but roses, hollyhocks, sunflowers, pansies, pinks, oh! every kind of flower that is hardy and bright and lovely. There were flowers that bloomed all spring, summer and autumn, flowers that bloomed only in the spring, flowers that lasted but a short summer's month, and flowers that boldly raised their bright little faces to the chilly winds of autumn. Along one side of the house was a bank of geraniums of all colors and grown to a fabulous size, making a blazing line of color; at the southern end of the garden was a row of peach trees, now laden with their soft, pink-cheeked fruit, and grape vines clambered over the stone wall, and hung temptingly on the other side, as if on purpose to make little boys feel naughty and thirsty and with just the feeling that a bunch of grapes would do them all the good in the world. Nodoubt, grown people often experience the same sensation.

At the first glance one would imagine oneself in an uncared-for wilderness, but in reality the garden was tended by loving and careful hands. In each flower dwelt a tiny elf. Those in the roses were chubby, dimpled cherubs, with laughing gray eyes, yellow hair, and skin as soft as the rose leaves which they loved. The fairies who floated from lily to lily resembled a dream of beauty, more than a living reality; a misty loveliness, the laciness of a silken sheen, graceful, sylph like movements; that was the fairy of the lillies. The elves who flitted in and out of the poppies were such harum-scarum little fellows, that in the rush of their movements one only caught a gleam of dusky, warm-colored brightness, and the ripple of joyous laughter.

The morning broke bright and clear, and the elves were stirring early. A sunshower came down in a hurry, and went away in the same manner, but as soon as the rain-bow appeared, each sprite prepared his color-box, a peach-leaf sewed with cob-web threads, and flew away to one end of the radiant arch, which seemed to terminate in a meadow, white with daisies, golden with golden-rod and blue with blue-bells. They were too wise to believe in the "pot-of-gold" fable, but they knew that when the rainbow melted they could catch the colors in their spider-woven leaves. After all the color-boxes were filled, the elves returned to their separate homes, where they tucked their treasures under the long grass and waited for the evening dew, in which they would dissolve their paints and then with a tiny blade of feathery grass, would give the blossoms the desired shade. Evening fell at last, and each fairy was hard at work, tinting the newly-opened buds and brightening the more mature flowers. The roses' bloom was renewed, and as their little tender gracefully poised himself on a swaying branch, the friendly zephyr flew towards him, for this merry, bright-eyed elf was a great favorite of all the spirits of the air.

"How, now! Master Zephyr," cried the sprite gally, "Are you preparing for some of your pranks to-morrow?"

"No impertinence sir! or I shall blow, blow, and blow off all the fresh color on the flowers.

Oh, but I have had such a frolic to-day! The little girls' curls blew in their faces, and the apple-woman lost her fruit, and I blew the cotton out of the old gentlemen's ears, to see if I could not induce it to grow and flourish elsewhere, and I gave them long chases after their hats, and the umbrellas were frisky, and—" But here even the Zephyr's breath gave out, and he was obliged to indulge in a mild flirtation with the roses, who returned his caresses with sweetly-breathed confidences. But he was too lively to remain quiet long, and in a few moments was frisking about the garden, till with a sudden rustle and flutter and bluster, he blew himself away, leaving the garden to rest and peace. Down in the heart of the blossoms, nestled the elves; the soft, golden pollen for blankets and the slender pistils for bed curtains. When the children of the house scampered through the garden the next morning, they said to one another, that there were new flowers on each plant, but the elves nodded their heads wisely and whispered "Fairies have secrets which even the clever mortals cannot divine."

F. T. M.

Wellington at Waterloo.

Among the incidents of Waterloo, it is startling to find that Bulow's division might have completely failed but for the judgment of a single Belgian peasant. On leaving the woods of Frischermont, two roads diverge. The man who guided the column hesitated. He chose the left one, saying: "Now we shall take them all."

No man in his army was so much exposed during the battle as the Duke himself. He rode along the top of the ridge, now demolished, which sheltered his troops in some measure from the fire of the French artillery. This was done, not in the slightest degree for theatrical display; but because, after carefully balancing in his mind the advantages, and disadvantages, he determined that it was better for him to do so. He felt that everything depended upon himself, and that the loss of his life might be the loss of his army. On the other hand, he knew that he had to deal with troops, not with a few exceptions, veterans, but chiefly boys, for they were hardly more, many of whom had never been engaged; and who had had no opportunity of seeing him win a battle. He felt that his first object must be to inspire confidence in his soldiers. His calmness of demeanor, his methodical way of dealing with the various regiments during the day, all of which was visible to his men, gave them unbounded confidence in the success of his orders.

Not only did he feel this; but he also felt that he would show to the brave men who fought under him, that however great were their risks, however much he exacted from their courage, and their endurance, he exacted the same qualities and conduct from himself. All that they risked he risked; at any moment their lives might have been sacrificed; so might his at any moment. There was not one, from the chief of his staff to the last joined recruit, who did not know, and who did not see the self-sacrifice of this great man. Not a private in the ranks but felt during that tremendous conflict that the Duke of Wellington, the man of wealth, rank and success, with the world at his feet, was jeopardizing his life to at least the same degree as the poor outcast, who had became a soldier from starvation.

There must, however, have been a deeper feeling in Wellington's breast.

Those who have obtained extraordinary, and almost inordinate, influence over mankind mainly by military genius have persuaded themselves that they were the instruments of the Almighty. We can hardly be surprised that Mahomet did so; and Attila called himself "The scourge of God."

A thought, the converse of this, must have visited the Duke. He knew that in those Belgian meadows he was fighting the true, honest cause of civilization, and of freedom. He had known his own long, and successful career. He knew that those opposed to him were fighting bravely for a man whom honesty and honor had ceased to respect and he felt, I can have no doubt, that the battle would be his. Anxiety may have crossed his mind in the long delay of the arrival of his faithful allies; but he never doubted the result of the day; and he must have felt during the greatest battle that the world has ever known, that it was his guiding spirit that would give Europe half a century of peace.

Well might he say, with unaffected piety, "The hand of Providence was upon me."—SIR WILLIAM FRAZER, Bart., in *Words on Wellington.*

A Question of Precedence.

I remember writes Colonel Mapleson, once arriving at Dublin with a company which included among its members Mdlle. Salla, who played leading soprano parts, and Mdlle. Anna de Belocca, a Russian lady, who played and sang with distinction the most important parts written for the contralto voice.

Mdlle. Beloc a and Mdle. Salla entered at the same time the best suite of apartments in the hotel; upon which each of them exclaimed: "These rooms will do for me."

"For you?" said Mdlle. Salla. "The prima donna has surely the right of choice, and I have said that I wish to have them."

"Prima donna!" exclaimed Belocca, with a laugh. "There are two prime donne; *moi et Patti.*"

"You will not have these rooms all the same," continued the soprano.

"We will see about that," returned the contralto.

I was in despair, for it was now a matter of personal dignity. Neither lady would give way to the other. Leaving them for a time together I went downstairs to the hotelkeeper, Mr. Maple, and said to him: "Have you not another suite of rooms as good, or nearly so, as the one for which these ladies are disputing?"

"I have a very good suite of rooms on the second floor, said Maple, "quite as good, I think, as those on the first floor."

The rooms had already been pointed out to Mdlle. de Belocca through the window. But nothing, she said, would induce her to go upstairs, were it only a step.

"Come with me, then," I said to Maple. "Mind you don't contradict me; and to begin with, it must be understood that these rooms on the second floor have been specially retained by Lady Spencer"—Lord Spencer was at that time Viceroy of Ireland—"and cannot, on any account, or under any circumstances, be assigned even for a brief time to anyone else."

Maple seized my idea, and followed me upstairs.

"What is the meaning of this?" I said to him, when we were together, in the presence of the two excited vocalists. "Are these the only rooms you have to offer us? They will do for one of the ladies; but whichever accepts them the other must be provided with a set of apartments at least as good."

"I simply have not got them," replied Maple, "There is a charming set of apartments on the floor above, but they are specially retained for the Countess Spencer, and it would be more than my business is worth to let anyone else take possession of them."

At these words Belocca opened her beautiful eyes and seemed to be struck with an idea.

"At least we could see them?" I suggested.

"You could see them," returned Maple, "but that is all."

"Let us go and have a look at them," I said. Maple and myself walked upstairs. Belocca silently followed us. We pretended not to see her, but as soon as the door of the apartments reserved for the Countess Spencer was thrown open the passionate young Muscovite rushed into them, shut the door and locked it, declaring that Lady Spencer must be provided for elsewhere.—*London Tid-Bits.*

Death Highly Improbable

Little Boy—Say, Dutchy, I'll tell you how to get the flies out of your store.

Dutchy—Vell go ahead and told me.

"Get one of those big wire traps with a hole in the top and pour some beer in it. They'll go for the beer and you can catch them all in an hour."

"I guess dose flies sthay. Anything dot lufs his beer has lots to lif fur in dis world.—*Time.*

A Devoted Husband.

"Did Scruggs love his wife?"

"Love her" I should say he did. Why, he actually left before the game was over, when he heard she was dead, and our side was winning, too."

In Close Quarters

Long—I wonder if Brown has any trouble since he moved out west, Short. He was continually getting in a tight box when he lived here.

Short—Yes, he has had some trouble. He's in a tight box now, so I was told.

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he's dead and buried."—*Time.*

The Last Dance.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military leven, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The gayest and the noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd. During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming but felt no fear. At length the building next he one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusement. Again and again they left their pleasures to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire.

At last the fire caught their own building, and caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jewelled hand above his head, and exclaimed: "One dance more, and defiance to the flames!" All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more and defiance to the flames!" burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grows the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering footsteps of the dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry, "The fire has reached the magazine. Fly! fly for your lives!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded, the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into eternity.—*Tid-Bits.*

Saved the Baby's Life.

A lady who devotes a great deal of time to charity was last week on one of the New York fresh air excursions for children. Just as the boat was about to pull out, there appeared a poor woman with a babe in her arms.

"Why, your baby is dead," said the physician who was on board.

The infant did indeed look dead, but the lady saw a spark of life. The physician told the woman to take it home, as it would die before the boat was out on hour. The mother wept bitterly.

"Doctor," said the lady, "I want this sick child to go on the excursion. I will take the responsibility."

"But, my dear Madame," added the Esculapius, "we have no death certificate on board and that may make some trouble.

But the lady prevailed, took the ice-cold child in her arms, washed it with brandy and water, put on a flannel bandage, gave it brandy and lime-water inwardly, wrapped it in a shawl, took it on deck in the fresh air and prayed to God to spare its life. It slept a few hours, became warmed up and opened its blue eyes. To make a long story short, when the boat got back to the city, the child was feeling much better and the doctor said that with good care it might live.

"If the child been turned away from the boat," said the happy lady, "it would have died."—*The Epoch.*

Western Railroading.

"Speedwell!" yelled the Western railway superintendent to his assistant, "I see by these dispatches that the overland flyer No. 2 is snow bound at North Fork."

"Yes, sir," was the brisk reply, "I've ordered out the snow-plows."

"Very good. Telegraph the crew that as soon as they open the road I want them to carry a train load of snow to South Pass and dump it on the track. The rails there are melting with the heat."

A Country Song.

For Saturday Night.

The sun had sunk behind the woods
That fringe the sky,
The dewy air was sweet with scent
From meadows nigh,
The myriad mingled sounds of eve
Came to my ear,
And these among a happy song—
My love drew near.

She came to milk the waiting cows,
Adown the lane,
With modest air and golden hair,
Like ripened grain,
Her brow was white as foaming milk;
She knew no peer,
My heart beat high as she drew nigh,
With joy and fear.

I saw the glad light in her face
To find me there,
For such a smile, for such a heart,
Who would not dare?
Her gentle voice and laughter sweet
I could not hear
Without the thought that I might lose
Her, through my fear.

But ere the rising moon had climbed
The trees above,
With eager words my heart had told
Its tale of love;
Her lips were moist with fragrant dew
And bright her tears—
The kiss that gave her answer killed
My foolish fears.

D. ALEXANDER.

Long Drawn Out.

Esmonde—You look paw'tively——but what is th' mattah with th'—th'—Bloomey—Trowsahs! I left them on me stretchah too long, and it's the [only beach-walking palah I've got with me.—*Judge.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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PROLOGUE.

From out of a cloudless sky a brazen sun poured its fierce rays mercilessly upon the parched earth; there was not the slightest breeze to temper its powerful head. The roses and briars and all the wealth of the August blossoms drooped languidly; in the close schoolrooms children dozed and panted and strove vainly to force their wearied brains to perform their tasks; in crowded and unventilated workrooms women toiled and sank under the heat. It was a day when exertion of any kind seemed impossible, and when the gradual darkening of the sky was welcomed with unfeigned joy by man and beast.

The storm threatened long before it broke. The sky had been gradually darkening, and the sultriness had seemed to increase. The hiding of the sun behind the black clouds would have been a relief had not the heat grown more and more oppressive.

The heavy storm-clouds which had threatened so long burst just as the train had reached the summit of the somewhat steep incline up which it had been climbing and was making its way across the wide expanse of heather-covered moor which stretched around it on every side, its surface broken occasionally by a house or cottage.

There was a terrific flash of lightning which lighted up the sky with a vivid splendour, a prolonged peal of thunder, and then the rain came down in a straight heavy downpour.

Most of the passengers in the train—they were not many—drew a long breath of relief as the welcome rain began to fall, cooling the close heavy atmosphere which had prevailed during the greater part of the day. Even on the moor there had not been a breath of air stirring, they told each other; but the rain would bring with it freshness and relief from the long oppressive heat, which all the travelers had found exceedingly trying.

In one of the third-class carriages a young girl had fainted, and sat with her head upon the shoulder of one of her fellow-travelers, a comely middle-aged woman, who had been loud in her expressions of pity for her companion's indisposition. The fainting girl was reviving now, and was turning her languid eyes and pallid face gratefully to the open window and the refreshing rain. The color was slowly returning to her pale cheeks, while the woman who had so kindly succoured her in her illness was volubly expressing her thanks to the only other occupant of the compartment, who had come to the rescue with a flask of brandy, a little of which had been decidedly beneficial to the patient. The flask was of silver, richly chased, and it certainly seemed a rather too expensive object to be in the possession of its rough-looking owner.

He was a middle-aged man, carelessly dressed, but seemed to imply that he had seen better days. His face was lined and seamed with hard living and dissipation, his flesh was sallow and hung loosely under the bleared eye and coarse jaw, his glance was shifting and furtive, his manner restless and uneasy. He had shown some kindness to the fainting girl, but he had not appeared so much alarmed by her sudden illness as many other men would have been.

"I doubt you've got a wife of your own, master!" said the woman, as she gave him back his flask. "You seem used to women's ways."

The man looked at her for a moment and laughed rather strangely.

"Yes," he said, in a gruff voice, which had, however, a certain refinement of tone and accent, "I have a wife, more's the pity."

"Delicate, mebbe—given to fainting like?" his chatty fellow-traveler suggested.

He laughed again, and a queer expression came into his bleared eyes.

"Not delicate, certainly!" he replied, with a sneer. "But—yes—she faints sometimes."

He laughed once more, and then turned away his face, as if to put an end to the conversation. The woman took the hint, and gave all her attention to her companion, who was strong enough now to utter a few words of thanks for her kindness.

The rain fell, the lightning flashed, the thunder echoed over the hills; the sultry August day was drawing to a close, and the train—an express—sped onward in the twilight. The air was cooler now; but one traveler, who occupied a first-class compartment, was as indifferent to the change in the atmosphere as he had been to the intense heat which had preceded it and to the thunder and lightning and rain.

He was a tall, thin, handsome man between forty and fifty, dressed with scrupulous care and precision. He was alone in the compartment, and he had been closely occupied all through the journey with some legal-looking documents which he had taken from a small black bag on which were the initials "C. A." He had not suffered his attention to wander from them during the hours which had elapsed since the train started, but had read them with calm undivided attention. He had made sundry notes on the margins in a fine, rather peculiar handwriting; he had sorted his papers as calm as if he had been at his own writing-table in his office at Lincoln's Inn.

He had completed his task, and had gathered his belongings together with a certain air of precision which seemed natural to him, and was leaning back on the cushioned seat with a thoughtful expression on his clever and handsome face, when a sudden and terrible jolt of the train flung him down so violently that for a few minutes he lay stunned where he had fallen, while the carriage shook and oscillated with the violence of the shock. Recovering his senses, he managed to rise, but sank down upon the seat again, having not quite overcome the stunning effect of his fall. The next moment he had risen to his feet, staggering slightly still, for the carriage was not yet quite steady.

"There must have been a collision!" he said, half aloud, as he managed to open the door of the compartment with a railway key which he carried; for the door had been locked by an obsequious guard anxious to secure privacy for a passenger whom he knew and whose liberality he had proved more than once.

As the traveler stepped out of the carriage, it seemed as if the air was suddenly filled with cries, exclamations, shrieks, and groans; and for a moment even the calm, cool-headed lawyer hesitated, as if inclined to return to the seclusion and privacy of his carriage; but his better nature prevailed. He was one to whom others had not been so fortunate and were injured; he must endeavor to do what he could for them; at such a time all assistance was valuable.

A terrible and almost overwhelming sight met him. Within a stone's throw was the station, and around it a scene of confusion little to be with quaint red roofs glowing in the twilight. The sky was clear and placid now; for the storm was over, leaving this sunlight and refreshing influence behind. The landscape on every side was calm, serene, and beautiful; but the lawyer stood in the midst of destruction, desolation, and death. For a time he was only aware that a terrible disaster had occurred; afterwards he learned how the accident had been brought about.

By some terrible fatality a goods train leaving the station had dashed into the express. Some of the carriages were wrecked and overturned; the engines had run off the lines, and one lay overturned upon the grassy embankment. All the foremost carriages were lying in a heap of ruin; the one in which the lawyer had traveled and those behind it had escaped, and their inmates were only severely shaken; of the travelers in the foremost portion of the wrecked train there were few who had escaped without serious injury, and to one or two death had come in this sudden and awful way.

For a few moments the composure even of this cool-headed traveler failed him at the fearful sights and sounds; but he recovered himself, and, with a deep sense of thankfulness, hurried forward, and was soon lending what assistance he could to the terrified travelers, and seconding, with prompt foresight, the endeavors of the railway officials.

Help was near at hand and immediately forthcoming. In an incredibly short space of time the medical men of the town and a band of nurses from the hospital were on the spot, giving their tender and efficient aid. But the disaster was a terrible one, and the shrieks of hysterical women and the groans of wounded men rose on the soft evening air.

From one group of three persons close to the wrecked train no sound proceeded, although suffering life as well as silent death were there. It consisted of two women and one man, who had been removed from the debris of one of the wrecked third class carriages and then placed upon a strip of grassy earth close by. One of the women—the younger—lay motionless in a death like swoon, with her head on the lap of the other, who was uninjured and merely shaken. She was a stout, middle-aged woman, pale and startled now, and too unnerved to do anything but sit quite still with the tears rolling down her cheeks. The man lay near them motionless, and some kind hand had spread a white handkerchief over his face. After a hasty examination, the surgeon had pronounced him dead.

Beside the dead body the station-master and the gray-haired first-class traveler stood silent for a few moments; then the latter spoke in grave lowered tones.

"Yes; this is the person I mean, he said. "He is quite dead, you say?"

"He is quite dead, sir; the injuries to the head were terrible—he was killed instantly."

"Ah, well, he leaves no one behind him to regret so sudden a termination to an ill-spent life!" said the lawyer calmly. "I know him; and, if you will give me any papers he may have about him, I will take charge of them. You can trust me, Mr. Brown!"

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the station-master promptly, only too anxious to oblige the man of law, without reflecting that he had no right to part with any papers which might be found on the body. "And—"

"He said he had a wife," put in a low unsteady voice; and, starting, they turned and saw that the middle-aged woman had overheard them.

The traveler's keen eyes rested upon her face with a searching look.

"We were in the same carriage," she went on tremulously. "This poor girl fainted from the heat; and he gave me some brandy for her—a lovely flask he had too, solid silver, because I saw the mark upon it, and I was in service once and knew it; and he said then that he had a wife."

A strange expression crossed the lawyer's handsome face. He was still very pale; but he had recovered his composure, and exhibited no sign of excitement or distress.

"Yes, he is a wife," he said quietly. "Most true! I happen to know her very well; and I will take upon myself to inform her that she is a widow."

"Ah, poor soul," said the woman, with a sob "she is a widow now!"

"Yes," returned the lawyer, repeating the words calmly; but with a slight and probably unconscious emphasis—"she is a widow; but she will not lose much by his death. You, like myself," he continued more kindly, as he gazed upon the woman's face, "seem to have been mercifully preserved from injury, and have great cause for thankfulness."

"That is so," she said tremulously. "Not but what I'm all of a tremble like and shaking in every limb."

"No doubt it was a terrible shock," he replied quietly; "but others have pain as well as the shock to bear. This poor girl"—glancing at the woman's fainting companion—"has not been so fortunate as we have been."

"She is not hurt, sir"—looking down tenderly at the white face and lifeless form of the limp hands in hers; "she has only fainted."

"It looks like a very deep swoon," he rejoined. "I will send a doctor to you if one can be spared from the more serious cases. Were you going far from here?"

"No, sir—only to the next station; I shall be able to go on by-and-by."

"Can I be of any assistance to you?" he asked.

"Thank you kindly, sir," she answered gratefully; "I have telegraphed to my husband, and he will come to me, I dare say."

"It is a sad experience; but I hope you will be none the worse."

"Thank you, sir; you're kind, I'm sure," replied the woman. "Things like this bring rich and poor together."

"Yes," he said quietly; "you are right—they do."

He had lingered talking to her, although the station master had left them. It almost seemed as if the motionless form with the face decently covered with a white handkerchief had some strange fascination for him; for he glanced at it from time to time, and looked at it long and steadily before he turned away. Involuntarily the eyes of the woman to whom he had been talking glanced at it also, and she shuddered.

"She is a widow now," she said to herself, as the tears rolled down her cheeks. "But there—perhaps it is all for the best!"

The same thought was in the mind of the man who had spoken to her as kind as he proved away, and, amid all the horror of the scene, a cynical smile curled his lip for a moment.

"She is a widow now," he was thinking. "Poor wretch—such a fate as his makes one feel inclined to put faith in the proverb that curses, like chickens, always come home to roost."

Notwithstanding his calm temperament and the activity he displayed in rendering assistance to the injured travelers, the lawyer declared himself too much shaken to continue his journey that evening. He sent sundry telegrams to different people; and that night he slept in a black-hung chamber in a quiet old-fashioned inn nor far from the station. The accommodation being but limited and the demands upon it unusually great owing to the accident, he was unable to obtain a sitting-room; but the bedroom assigned to him was large and airy, and there was a writing-table, before which he was soon seated, with his black bag well *en evidence* and his papers strewn about him; and, from his impassive demeanor, it would have been impossible to suppose that he had recently gone through so terrible an experience.

Late that night, as he sat there composed and busy, a small packet was brought to him from the station-master. He opened it, and found a greasy pocket-book containing soiled and worn papers, which he glanced over apparently without much interest. Among them, however, was one as yet ungreased and spotless—and at this he looked long and steadily. It was a check for a large amount on a well-known London banker, signed with a name as well known in the commercial world as the banker's own.

There was no fire in the grate on this sultry August night; but there were candles burning on the table at which he sat. He twisted the check with his fingers and held it to the flame of one of the candles until it was burned and nothing but a little powdery ash remained, which he blew away carelessly, and which disappeared in a moment, leaving nothing behind.

CHAPTER I.

During the sunshine and the storm, the snow and the rain, the fair weather and the foul of four hundred years and upwards, the gray old house of Eyncourt had reared its stately head to heaven, and, save for the deepening color of its stones and the growth of the great trees around, and of the ivy which climbed over it in such profusion, time had left but few traces on the massive architecture of the stately old pile.

It stood amid dense woods in one of the loveliest of the Midland counties; it was silent and solitary and sombre, if not gloomy, and there was something pathetic about its stateliness—something mournful about its beauty. For it was beautiful as well as stately. The walls had been built at a time when master masons worked for love of their art and when jerry-builders were unknown; and there was carving over the doors and beneath the mullioned windows which delighted antiquaries. Within there were dim, beautiful historic rooms and picturesque oak-panelled apartments, with fine specimens of stained glass, ancient tapestry, antique silver, and brasses and crystals and china, and shining oaken floors black with age, over which Stanley Gerant's little pointed shoes sped lightly; there were great carved mantelpieces under which, in the winter-time, huge logs blazed so cheerily that the fair young mistress of the house could not decide whether she loved her old home best when the snow lay lightly on the bare trees and the lake was frozen over and the huge fires were so pleasant, or now, when the great wide hearths were empty save for the bow-pots of flowers and ferns.

It was summer-time, and there was sunshine in the leafy woods and the flowers in the parterres glowed like jewels; the turf on the grassy terraces was cool and green as soft as velvet to the tread; the hawthorn hedges yet bore snowy traces of the bloom which had filled the lanes with sweetness, and the meadow-lands were yellow with grass and clover and cowslips. The cattle chewed the cud basking in the sunshine, and the shadows lengthened slowly through the long happy days. It seemed to Stanley Gerant that there had never been so fair a summer.

The gilded wicker-chairs which stood upon the terrace seemed a little incongruous perhaps; but they were very pleasant seats on this summer afternoon. Of the two girls who occupied them, one was in harmony with the grave stately old house, the other looked as if she had been suddenly transported from a Mayfair drawing-room. She was Lois Bateman, Stanley's cousin, a vivacious little brunette as pretty as she was coquettish and fashionable. The other young girl was Stanley Gerant herself, Sir Humphrey's only child and the heiress of his broad lands.

She was a girl of twenty, who looked older than she was from the grave and somewhat stately character of her beauty—a character it had derived from the rather solitary life she had led, and which was enhanced by the quaint picturesque style of dress she always wore. She was about the medium height, slender, well proportioned, and she moved with the free easy grace which only an active life spent much in outdoor amusements can give. Her brown eyes were dark, deep, and beautiful, with a faithful steadfast expression; a soft wild-rose bloom tinted her cheeks; her lips, vividly red, were sweet and proud and tender; while she carried her little head in a proud fashion which made her appear taller than she was. Her hair, which she wore curling over her forehead and coiled in a close knot on the nape of her white neck, was brown, with gleams of gold in it here and there, and was many shades lighter than her delicately-marked eyebrows and lashes. Her arrangement, simple and graceful, was as great a contrast to her cousin's elaborate coiffure of curls and rolls piled high on her head as Stanley's dress of some soft woollen stuff was to the and clinging, was to Lola's coquettish tea-gown of yellowish Indian silk with its laces and delicate pink ribbon and the bunch of pink flowers placed high upon her left shoulder. Lola's dainty brown fingers were adorned with glittering rings; but Stanley wore only one ring, containing a quaint seal of beauty and value such as a man might have worn.

Stanley Gerant was an only child; her mother had died at her birth, and Sir Humphrey Gerant's heart lay buried with her under the shadow of the old church. His grief had been softened by time; but all the buoyancy had died out of his life, and he was a reserved man, proud with an intense and unyielding family pride which was hard to comprehend.

He cared little for society; but his hospitality was royal, and once or twice a year great house-parties were entertained at Eyncourt. It was his duty to keep up the traditions of his name and home, he thought, as well as to see to the welfare of his tenantry and laborers. He had strong opinions on the obligations which wealth and broad lands entail upon their owner; and his tenantry were envied by all in the county. No laborers were so well housed as those on his estate, no farms so well drained and kept; for Sir Humphrey and his daughter took an active personal interest in these things, and knew every man, woman, and child on the Eyncourt estate.

Sir Humphrey had educated his young daughter in his own faith. He had instilled her that high birth, ancient lineage, and stainless ancestry were sacred trusts. They were great things; but loyalty, truth, and honor were greater. She must be loyal to the past, and live up to the proud motto, "*Tache sans tache*," which had been carved so long before over the door of the ancient mansion. Because she was of high and noble birth, her actions must be worthy of her rank. *Noblesse oblige* must be the guiding principle of her life.

It was a simple old world faith; but it had grown with her growth. She had been her father's constant companion since her childhood; and the family pride so strong in him was strong in her also, and she had reached her sweet fresh womanhood with few of the weaknesses of her sex, and some masculine qualities, and perhaps faults, which are lacking in many women, and sometimes in men too.

Years before Stanley had left her school-room woods and had had a season in town. She had been the most beautiful *debutante* of that year, and her aunt, who had presented her, had been charmed with the effect which her appearance had produced; but she said afterwards that, if her niece had been the most beautiful girl that season, she had also been the most unpopular. She was too proud, too cold, too indifferent; she never tried to please, and she had not done so.

The truth was that Stanley, with her generous mind, her keen sense of honor, her unfaltering truthfulness, had been disgusted by the falsehood and frivolity of the world of fashion. Match-making mothers, husband-hunting daughters, mercenary marriages, were all equally hateful in her eyes. She detested flirtation degrading, frisky matrons unpardonable; she had turned her eyes away in pain and shame from the painted and bedizened old women who made age hideous instead of beautiful; and she had returned to Eyncourt with a feeling of great relief. One or two men of the world whom she had met remembered the girl with the keen wistful eyes and sweet mouth who had seemed so unlike all other girls—remembered her with tenderness and admiration; but the women had generally disliked her, and some among them had shrunk from the keen proud eyes which had looked at them so questioningly from under the delicate dark brows.

In her own house at Eyncourt Stanley was always charming. Her pride and generous air was softened by the consciousness of her sovereignty; her laughter was full of sweetest merriment; she was as bright as sunshine for all her gravity, because she was always happy among the people and in the place she loved.

Now, as she sat in her chair on the terrace, her lips were trembling with laughter, and her brown eyes, cast demuredly down, were bright with mirth as she listened to her cousin, who was holding forth half seriously upon a grievance which she had aired more than once since her arrival at Eyncourt a few days before. Lola had come for rest and refreshment after the fatigues of London season; but already she found Eyncourt rather dull; and it was rather irritating to discover that Stanley was perfectly happy in the absence of all gaiety and excitement.

"It is all very well," she was saying petulantly, as she leaned back in her gilded chair, a bright-hued picturesque figure against the sombre gray and green, like a flower transplanted from the flower-garden beyond—"Eyncourt is charming; but not in the heat of summer. It must be awfully dull here in the winter; and a girl so young and so rich as you are, Stanley, could have such a lovely time in town."

"Oh, spare me! I have tried it, Lola mine," answered Stanley gaily. "I found it dreadfully wearing!"

"That is because all your notions are so old-fashioned," said Miss Bateman energetically. "You would have suited the Middle Ages. Stanley—you would have led a crusade or defended Eyncourt against the Roundheads like one of your ancestresses; but your notions are utterly out of date in this nineteenth century."

"They are poor things, but mine own," rejoined her cousin, laughing. "I am quite satisfied to be old-fashioned, Lola; I am very happy here."

"A beauty and an heiress like you ought to have had the world at your feet!" declared Miss Bateman.

"That would have been pleasant for me and for the world!" said Stanley, laughing merrily. "I am sure I should get it daft, Lola!" she added, glancing across at her cousin; "but we shall be gayer next month when the house-party assembles."

Lola looked as if she was consoling, "returned Lola. "I feel just now like that heroine of Shakspeare's who said, 'There are no men to conquer in this country.' I shall be quite a prude, if I don't learn name," Lola continued pensively; "but she and I would have sympathized with each other."

Stanley's lip curled slightly. She and her pretty cousin had not much in common. Although she was fond of Lola, Sir Humphrey's young heiress was sometimes a little impatient when Lola was more than usually frivolous.

"I think Eyncourt never seemed so lovely to me as it does just now," she said, frankly, "she said somewhat irrelevantly. "Life is charming here; there it is noisy and vulgar."

"Life is not life here—it is vegetation!" interrupted Lola pettishly.

"Poor Lola! You are not very courteous to the home of your mother's girlhood!"

"Oh, it is very pretty, of course, and grand, and all that sort of thing," Lola answered vaguely, "but it is also melancholy and sleepy! Are there no men in these parts, Stanley?"

She sat in her gilded chair as she put the question, and looked at her cousin with an eager gaze which made Miss Gerant laugh outright.

"I think you have seen them all, Lola," she said.

"All!" A couple of curates, Mr. Percival and the Rector's son, who is reading for the Bar! Do those make the sum total, Stanley? What poverty!"

"Have you not seen Mr. Cameron?" asked Stanley, with scarcely perceptible hesitation.

"Cameron!" echoed Lola. "What Cameron? Do you mean Hugh Cameron, the son of the great ship-owner?"

Stanley's lip tightened a little.

"Yes; Hugh Cameron, the ship-owner, I believe; but I don't think 'great' is quite the right adjective, Lola," she said coldly. "He has bought Brancepeth, Lord Oldcastle's place. Did he purchase has made him a neighbor of ours."

"And Hugh Cameron is here?" Lola exclaimed, with a little gasp. "A piece of good fortune! You know him, of course? Is he not delightful—the 'eligible,' *par excellence* of the last season? Does he ever come to Eyncourt? Stanley, ask him to dinner, like a love! Of course"—she paused for a moment, looking rather keenly at her cousin—"you know each other!"

"Oh, yes!" Stanley's voice was perfectly calm, and only a very keen observer would have noticed that her color had faded slightly in her face. "We—father and I—called on Lady Sara; and Mr. Cameron has been here once or twice since. He is—I think—very manly. Ah!" with an exclamation of relief—"here is tea—it will rouse you, Lola!"

But all Miss Bateman's dulness seemed to have vanished; she looked eager and animated, although she forebore any remark until the servants had retired after putting the wicker-table by Stanley, who turned to Lola and gave her attention to the quaint old silver kettle sing and cheerily over its spirit-lamp.

"And you," said Lola eagerly—"did you like him? He is run after, I assure you! He will be very rich, you know—and he is so handsome! Every one raves about him in London!"

Stanley let the enthusiastic words pass unnoticed; her face was slightly turned from her cousin, so Lola did not see how her lip curled.

"He would be a splendid match," continued Lola; "he is an only son, you know, and he could marry any one. There is no thought of peerage in his family, he is connected, if his father is in business, his mother is an earl's daughter; and I heard papa say Mr. Cameron would be made a baronet before the year was over; so that would make his position quite unassailable."

"Would it?" queried Stanley, with a slight sneer. "I do not see how. Nobility cannot be conferred; it must be inherited."

"Oh, your notions are utterly out of date as last season's bonnets! Hugh Cameron might marry into the highest family in England and no one would consider it a *mesalli ance*."

"Perhaps not," Stanley answered quietly, "because his nobility, it may be, is in himself. Here is your tea, Lola."

Her heart was beating faster than usual as she rose to give her cousin her tea. Lola looked at her rather keenly; but there was no trace of pale color in her face to betray that the subject had any special interest to her, and Lola did not know that Stanley grew pale when other women spoke of him. The little London beauty put out her hand to take her cup of tea; but, before she could do so, she uttered a cry of delight.

"Oh, here is uncle Humphrey and—yes—it is Hugh Cameron! And—Oh, Stanley, how awkward! Was it your fault or mine?"

The costly little Meissen cup which Stanley had been holding had fallen to the ground, and lay at their feet in pale pink and gold fragments.

"It was mine, undoubtedly," said Stanley, quietly. "I hope your gown has escaped, Lola. Yes, I see it has."

(To be Continued.)

Table Etiquette.

Traveler (in Western restaurant)—There's a hair in this soup.

Waiter (imperiously)—Well, ye might know better 'n to learn yr head so far over w'en ye eat.

She Spat on Her Bait.

We had long since voted her the prettiest girl in the boat. This would have been an offset from her luck at fishing, if the lad only known it, but we weren't saying a word for fear of spoiling her, and by and by she looked up to the grizzly old Captain and asked:

"Captain, shouldn't I spit on my bait to bring luck?"

"Guess you should," he replied. "Lemme put on a fresh whip and then you can spit."

"Real hard?"

"Yes."

"All the spit I can?"

"Yes."

She held the hook with in three inches of her nose, twisted her tongue three or four times, and then gave a "ha-choo." We saw something fly overboard, heard a scream of despair, and next moment the prettiest girl fell in a heap at the bottom of the boat. She had thrown both plates of false teeth out of her head into twenty feet of water.

Will Be Goosey, Next.

Mr. Nuwed (tenderly, but inflexibly)—It seems to me that Lovey and Sweetie and Dearie ought to afford you scope enough. It makes a man blush to be called Darling at every other word, particularly in the presence of strangers. But I draw the line at Duckey. I won't be called Duckey by any one.

Miss. Nuwed (tearfully)—All right, Birdie, I won't. But I love you so much, Dolly, that it's hard not to. Don't you understand, Baby!—*Puck*

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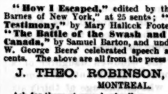

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXII.

A full ten minutes before the mid-day train from Clorchester was due at Paddington Station Miss Mary Hale was walking up and down the platform awaiting its arrival.

Mary Hale was one of the most delightful people in the world. She was not in the least pretty; for, although she had bright shining hair and honest gray eyes, her nose was everything that a nose has no business to be, and her mouth was wide and shapeless. Her complexion also left much to be desired, for she was covered with freckles; nor could any one have been found to compare her figure to that of a goddess or her hands and feet to that of a fairy. Nevertheless, when one had known Mary Hale for twenty four hours, one forgot all about these things, and remembered only how true was the level glance of her gray eyes, how infectiously gay was her laugh, and how fascinating was the ring of her melodious voice. She was like sunshine, always warming and invigorating; and it was impossible to be in her presence and not be the better for it.

Mary Hale had had a great many troubles in her short life; but she had always met them bravely and unflinchingly. When she was at the Brussels school with Kathleen Elwyn she had been the idolized only child of very rich parents; and shortly after she had left school her hand had been sought and her heart won by a handsome young officer in a Cavalry regiment, with whom she was desperately in love. Then all at once life became altered for her for ever. Mr. Hale, who was a merchant in a very large way of business, discovered that he had for long been disgracefully robbed and swindled by his head-manager. A sudden depression in trade flung him upon his beam-ends; the merchant was unable to meet his liabilities, and failed for half a million of money. Everything went to the creditors—house, furniture, pictures, plate, and jewelry; and Mrs. Hale, not to be behind hand in the sacrifice, gave up even her settlement to be flung into the insatiable gulf. The Hales were left penniless; and the second and hardest of Mary's troubles was that Captain Algernon Fitzmaurice immediately backed out of his engagement to the ex-heiress. Blow upon blow followed. Her father and mother, broken by adversity and disappointment, died within a very few months of each other; and Mary, beggared of everything, was left to face the world alone. She went out to earn her daily bread as a governess—and a remarkably dry and unpalatable kind of bread she found it to be. Nevertheless she made the best of it, and strove not only to do her duty to her employers, but to bring cheerfulness and not depression into other people's homes.

When she received Kathleen's letter asking her to give up her situation and to come and live with her as her companion in London, she accepted the proposal with the utmost joy and delight. She had to forfeit a whole quarter's salary in order to get away from her place; but she did not mind that, and gladly hurried up to town in order to make everything ready for her friend's arrival.

Her little figure, compact and neat, but not especially graceful or remarkable, dressed with Quaker-like simplicity in a costume of dark-gray tweed, paced impatiently up and down the platform while she waited for the train. She was a little nervous; for she had done a great many things upon her own responsibility in Kathleen's name—taken a furnished house and engaged three servants amongst others—and she wondered whether Kathleen would be pleased, or whether she would censure her for precipitancy.

When the train came in, she soon perceived a tall young lady in mourning, followed by her maid, getting out of a first-class carriage; and Kathleen came running towards her.

"Oh, Mary, how good of you to come to meet me!"

"Of course I came!" answered Mary, simply. "I did not want you to arrive in London without a welcome."

The two girls kissed each other fondly; both were friendless and desolate, and stood in need of mutual help and sympathy.

London, where Kathleen had never been before, looked very dreary and bleak under the leaden skies of February, while an east wind blew keenly and bitingly at every street corner.

All the way in the cab from Paddington to South Kensington she sat very still, holding Mary's hand and looking sadly out of the window at the dull-looking streets and squares. The great city and its interminable rows of houses did not much look like home after her beautiful Clorfell, to which she had bidden an eternal adieu only a few hours before.

It had been a terrible ending to her happy life there. There had been no farewells spoken between her step-mother and her niece and herself. Lady Elwyn had sent her a message to say that, as she preferred to travel to London by a different train, she herself would go by an early morning one, and she requested Miss Elwyn to defer her departure till the middle of the day. Kathleen was therefore to be left alone in the great house, and to start by herself upon the first stage of her new existence. Adrian would have liked to remain in order to escort her up to town; but he found that he would give such dire offense to Miss Maitland by the action that he was obliged reluctantly to abandon the idea. He went upstairs to wish Kathleen good-bye when the carriages that were to convey Lady Elwyn and her party to the station were actually at the door.

"I shall come and see you very soon in London, Kathleen. Keep a good heart, dear! I am glad that Miss Hale has acted so promptly and sensibly in taking a furnished house for you—an hotel would have been a terrible experience. I hope you will get on with her."

"I think I shall. Of course we were both very sorry and foolish at school, and I don't know at all whether we shall suit each other now; but Mary has had troubles too—sadder troubles even than mine—so we have at least a mutual sympathy to draw us together."

"I shall come and see you both very soon," he said again, reassuringly. And then a nervous tone to say that the ladies were waiting for him, and he was obliged to go.

After he was gone and the house was quite empty, Kathleen crept downstairs, and, bearing in her hand a huge bunch of stephanotis-blossoms which she herself had gathered from the hot-houses that morning, turned the key of the library door and softly entered the darkened room.

All the furniture had been pushed to one side, and the walls were draped with heavy black hangings. In the center of the room the closed coffin, covered by a black-and-silver pall, had been placed upon trestles. Upon it was piled a great heap of crosses and wreaths of flowers sent by sympathising neighbors, while a couple of lighted candles shed a dim radiance over the gloom of the chamber of death.

Kathleen laid her stephanotis-flowers reverently upon the coffin, and, kneeling down by its side, shed some of the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her eyes over the tragic fate of poor Alfred Elwyn. This was her last farewell that was left to her to say in the house where so many eventful days of her life had been spent, and the solemnity of this last adieu was felt more her eyes during the whole of her solitary journey up to London. The sight of Mary's bright face gave the first wholesome change to her melancholy thoughts; but it was only when she arrived at her new home that her keen interest and delight in the pretty red-brick house which Miss Hale had taken for her made the color come back to her wan cheeks and the light into her sad eyes.

Certainly Miss Hale had found a very charming home for her friend. Claymore Gardens was one of those terraces of bright red houses which are fast rising one after another in the south western district of London. They were medium-sized houses with pretty quaint-shaped windows and balconies, and with clean whitewoodwork outside as well as in. A strip of grass and trees in front of them bore out their right to the title of "Gardens" and gave to them the benefit of a little more daylight and air than others of their less fortunate neighbors.

Inside, the house was tastefully decorated and very comfortably furnished, and, with bright fires in the grates, flowers on the mantelpieces, and palms in china pots about the rooms, books from Mudie's on the book-shelves, and five-o'clock tea spread upon a small table in front of the fireplace, Kathleen's new drawing-room looked cheerfully cosy and home-like. She felt at once that she might be happy here if it were not for the load of care upon her mind. Nevertheless she turned gratefully to her companion, and thanked her warmly for the thoughtful pains she had taken to prepare so charming a home for her.

"It is so peaceful!" she said, sinking into a low chair by the fire. "I feel that there will be no jarring elements in my new life with you, dear Mary. If only I could get rid of the weight upon my soul, I should be happy here, I know."

"It is because of the poor creature's life you told me about, Kathleen—the man you are anxious to save?"

And then Kathleen told her the whole story.

"It is a dreadful thing, Mary," she added, in conclusion, "to feel myself responsible for the terrible death of one person and to think that I shall be too persecutedly responsible for the still more terrible end of another!"

"I think," said Mary slowly, "that you are looking at it from a very morbid point of view. Because a wicked man has committed a murder which you could neither foresee nor prevent, I do not see that you need hold yourself responsible either for that or for the just retribution of his crime."

"Ah, but I did foresee it," cried Kathleen, with a passionate despair, "and I might have prevented it! Could any thought be more horrible! Mary, if I cannot save Tom Darley's life, I shall never know another happy hour on earth!"

"I understand your feeling, dearest"—Mary got up and clasped her friend in her arms—"and all I can do to help you I will do. But," she added, after a pause, during which Kathleen warmly returned her embrace, "what is it that you propose to do? Surely, if the murder was so undoubted and the witnesses who saw it take place are ready to give their evidence, it will be impossible to avert the wretched man's sentence?"

"Quite impossible—I know that. He will be tried for murder, and he will be convicted. That will be unavoidable. But, after he is condemned, I am going to petition the Home Secretary for a commutation of his sentence to penal servitude. Sir Adrian Fleverdale has given me very good advice, and has sought the best legal information on the subject. He will procure a personal interview for me with the Home Secretary, so that I may plead Tom Darley's cause. I know that I shall succeed."

Mary, who was a sensible young woman, had her doubts; but Kathleen felt an unbounded confidence in herself.

"But on what plea are you going to ground your petition, Kathleen? Surely there is no extenuating circumstances for such a cold-blooded and heartless murder!"

"None save one—and that one is all-convincing. Tom Darley is insane; his crime can be traced to homicidal mania. I happen to know about him that which I can prove by inhabitants of the village where I was brought up and where he was born—his mother died a lunatic in the county asylum when he was a child. That is a fact."

"Still that would not necessarily make her son insane."

"But it did. His persecution of me, the manner in which he dogged my footsteps and watched my actions, the terrible threats of vengeance upon persons whom he did not know—all point to the same thing—insanity."

"And you will advance all those theories to the Home Secretary!"

"I shall tell everything—more even than I can tell you, Mary. But you must not call them theories, because they are facts. I shall have plenty of time to prepare my report, as nothing can be done until after the trial. Sir Adrian can do nothing this week because he has to go back to Clorfell for poor Alfred's funeral on Wednesday. When that is over, he will begin to see what he can accomplish for me. I mean to spare no expense in getting evidence from other sources to prove that poor Tom's mind was unsound. Will you help me, Mary?"

"My dear, what can I do?"

"You can assist me to prepare my report. I am going to write it all out so as to send it in to the Home Office before I go myself. But, dear Mary, you must do more than that. You must promise me not to try to turn my mind from what is now the great object of my existence—promise me not to attempt to dissuade me from my undertaking—promise me your hearty collaboration in what ever way it can be given to assist me in saving the life of poor Tom Darley. Give me your promise, Mary!"

And, kneeling by her friend's chair, holding her hands in hers, Mary Hale, soothed and soothe her excitement than because she believed that anything much could be done by her, or indeed by either of them, gave her solemn promise to aid and abet her in any manner within her power in the endeavor to save the life of that unworthy individual Thomas Darley.

She little guessed to what that promise pledged her; she only saw that Kathleen was unstrung and unnerved by all the harrowing scenes that she had lately gone through, that she was in a state almost of feverish excitement, and that the notion of these men's tragic fate lying at her door had preyed upon her mind to such a degree that it was above all things necessary to calm and soothe her into tranquillity. The promise produced at once some of the effect she desired. Kathleen seemed reassured and easier in her mind, and consented to dine quietly and to enter into the domestic details of their future life, in which Mary endeavored to interest her, not without success.

The two girls enjoyed a well-cooked and daintily-served meal together in the cosy red-papered dining-room; and, with most ingenuity, Mary succeeded during the remainder of the evening in avoiding any allusion to what she already termed in her own mind "the skeleton in the cupboard." They discussed reminiscences of their school-days; and Mary was quite proud of herself because she actually made Kathleen laugh so gaily and heartily over some of their girlish delinquencies as if no such beings as murderers existed, and Clorchester Jail was a place with which she had no concern.

Afterwards, for fear that her thoughts should fall back again into the same gloomy and terrible groove, she raked up the story of all her own troubles, and related them at length to her friend; and Kathleen's warm heart and sympathetic nature did not fail to be touched by the story of sorrows which were fully as deep and poignant as her own. She was so full of commission for her friend, and of indignation at the manner in which she had been treated by her false and unworthy lover, that she forgot for a while—as Mary intended that she should—the weight upon her heart and the consideration of how she was to word her report to the Home Office; the evening passed quickly and pleasantly, and Kathleen was so tired when she went to bed that she sank at once into a dreamless and refreshing slumber, such as had not been her portion since before her father's illness and death.

But Mary was not accustomed to go to bed so early; and, after she had seen that her friend was safely and cosily tucked up in bed, she went down-stairs, and, making up the fire in a small ground-floor room which faced the street, bade the servants go to bed, and sat up by herself with her book.

Miss Hale had long been in the habit of sitting up late over her reading. She had a great idea of improving her mind and keeping up her education, and, like all clever industrious women, she knew that to read regularly and systematically the works of well known authors was as sound a way as any to enlarge one's own comprehension and to strengthen one's mental faculties. During the days of her servitude as a governess, these late hours of study, when the whole household was wrapped in slumber, had been always most precious to her, and, having contracted habits of wakefulness, she was not at all disposed to relinquish her usual practice under the conditions of her new existence. She reflected, too, that, although Kathleen treated her as a dear and intimate friend, she was nevertheless her employer, that she was about to give her a very handsome annual salary, and that she had an undoubted right to every moment of her time during the day. The nights were, however, her own; and Mary was determined to continue to consecrate a portion of them to her own self-improvement.

She sat therefore reading quietly by the fire, Claymore Gardens was an unusually quiet locality. There was no traffic along the terrace to speak of, and, in fact, it was so absolutely still outside that its inhabitants might just as well have been in the country. It was consequently somewhat startling, in the midst of the utter silence, to be suddenly aroused, after she had been quietly reading for about half an hour, by the inarticulate shouts of newsmen hollooing some late piece of intelligence one against another on the pavement just outside the house.

When Mary Hale heard the shouts outside with all the curiosity of a woman she ran straightway to the front-door. There was a by-election going on in a provincial town, and, being much interested in politics, Mary felt curious to know the result. She squandered forthwith a sixpence in purchasing a late edition of the *Globe* from a man who stood without in the fog, and returned with it triumphantly to her snuggery by the fire.

She quickly unfolded the sheets of the newspaper, and sought eagerly for the information she felt sure it contained. She saw nothing about the election in the country town. What she did see in large letters was this—"Escape of a Prisoner from Clorchester Jail. Exciting Chase by Two Warders. Desperate Hand-to-Hand Struggle, and Final Escape of the Prisoner." In smaller type below was the following short paragraph—

"Thomas Darley, lying in Clorchester jail on charge of the murder of Lord Elwyn, escaped this afternoon by means which have not yet been ascertained from the prison. He was seen by two of the warders as he was getting over the outer wall by means of a rope. They instantly gave chase and caught him; but the man, who is immensely strong and powerfully built, fought desperately, and, after dashing one of the warders insensible to the ground, broke the arm of the other, and effected his escape across some fields and up to the time of our going to press has not yet been recaptured."

Mary read all this through with a beating heart and an exceedingly grave face; and then she crumpled up the paper and stuffed it into the very hottest part of the fire.

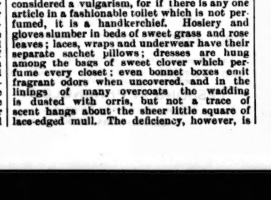
"If only I can keep it from her knowledge!" she murmured to herself. "By to-morrow the man may be taken again. It would only excite her for nothing. At all hazards it must be kept from her! She must not hear of it!"

(To be Continued.)

A Shore Change.

Mr. Puttson Call—My dear, before you go out let me introduce Mr. Margin to you—our head man down town.

Miss Call—I'm very much pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Margin. Papa has spoken so often of you. Let's go up on the beach.



Mr. Margin—Why, certainly.—*Puck.*

An Age of Sweetness.

A couple of years ago it was the proper thing for a girl to rinse her lace handkerchief in her scent bottle; such a proceeding now would be considered a vulgarism, for if there is any one article in a fashionable toilet which is not perfumed, it is a handkerchief. Hosiery and gloves slumber in beds of sweet grass and rose leaves; laces, wraps and underwear have their separate sachet pillows; dresses are hung among the bags of sweet clover which perfume every closet; even bonnet boxes emit fragrant odors when uncovered, and in the linings of many overcoats the wadding is dusted with orris, but not a trace of scent hangs about the sheer little square of lace-edged mull. The deficiency, however, is more than counterbalanced by faint sweet odors which linger about the folds and hem of dress skirts, and the bows of ribbon pendant from jeweled garters. Even card cases and pocketbooks are perfumed, and so is the small blotter bought with fashionable stationery. But these items are insignificant compared with the cost of perfuming a summer outfit, which requires the services of a maid and an outlay equivalent to that expended for gloves or shoes. For instance, there is the corsage sachet, made of fine satin to match the dress and filled with a perfume too delicious for description. The sacks, which are an inch square, retail at $9 a dozen, and it takes about twenty to go around the edge of a decolline dress. Of course every low corsage has to be sached, and if a belle cares to buy them by the hundred, she is charged at the rate of fifty cents each. Another perfume trick is to pour scent over the hair just back of the crimps or frizzes. Every woman rubs the stopper of her scent bottle across her lips and eyebrows before leaving the mirror, and the habit of dousing a feather or satin fan with wild-rose or blue-bells of Scotland is as old as vanity itself. The ruffled sleeves of the hour are also used to sweeten a woman's presence, the essence of chypre, magnolia, or jasmine being poured among the gathers at the elbow, where it is least liable to be detected and more readily perceived. Desirable perfumes cost seventy-five cents an ounce, and the least popular girl in society will dash twelve dollars' worth over a two weeks visit and half a dozen summer toilets.—*Arg naut.*

An Inquiring Mind.

"Where have you been, Mr. Duly?" asked Mrs. D., as her husband cloyed his way to his seat beside her in the theater.

"Been out to see a friend."

"Does your friend keep a distillery!"

"No," replied Duly, placing his hand to his mouth.

"Does he keep a cigar store?"

"Not that I know of."

"Maybe he's a school teacher and carries chalk around with him."

Duly brushed a dab of billiard chalk off his coat and said nothing.

"Or does he run a spice mill?"

"Be still, can't you, Maria!" said Duly in desperation. "The curtain's going up." But he didn't leave her again during the evening.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Miseries of Poverty.

Dr. Bluff—You stick too closely to your desk, Mr. Borrowit. I recommend you to buy a pair of Indian clubs.

Poor Jack—But I live in the city, Doctor. It would take all my salary to rent a room big enough to swing them in!—*Life.*

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We hope that Dr. Brown-Sequard will not carry his experiments with it to—

—this extreme.—*Puck*

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I was, for years, troubled with Salt-Rheum, which, during the winter months, caused my hands to become very sore, crack open, and bleed. The use of

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has entirely cured me of this troublesome humor.—Ellen Ashworth, Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

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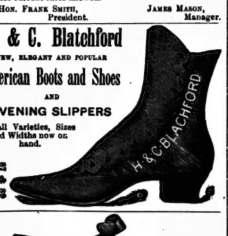

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Cruise of Steam Yacht Viola, R. C. Y. C.

Saturday, August 3.—Our steward having reported stores all aboard, the purser's list of owners and guests filled, the captain ordered the lines to be cast off at 4 p.m., and our cruise commenced under most favorable conditions—having on board the following gentlemen: Com., David Roberts, Captain, J. T. Mathews, First Officer, C. J. McCaaig, Purser, E. Mathews, Steward, N. J. Carnegie, Engineer, J. W. Davey, Messrs. M. McLaughlin, R. A. Mainwaring, Geo. Kiely, W. Kiely, W. A. Littlejohn, J. E. B. Littlejohn, R. Roberts, E. Walsh, Isaac McNely and R. F. Lord.

Mr. John Carrick (who had personally attended to the stores, etc., and who was to join us later) and a few friends gave us a hearty send off as we backed out of the slip and headed for the Queen's Wharf with flying colors. In running out past the Island we overtook the yacht Merl, with Capt. McMurchy at the stick, there being a brisk breeze from the westward, she with all sails drawing and well trimmed was making good time on her way to Niagara, where we were also bound.

Later on we saw the yachts of the R.C.Y.C. laying their courses for Port Dalhousie, in close competition for the club prizes.

After a pleasant run over we made Niagara at 6.30, finding in port Mr. Albert Gooderham's fine steam yacht Abeona. Shortly after Mr. Geo. Gooderham's stately Oriole came in, followed by the Cygnet and Merl.

The usual Saturday night hop at the Queen's Royal hotel was fairly patronised by the yachtsmen, after which, on returning on board, the evening closed with a forward deck concert, on the Abeona, which was much appreciated by our crew.

Sunday, August 4.—Left Niagara at 7 a.m., and ran into Olcott, stopping a short time to see the village, and at 2.30 p.m. leaving for Charlotte, where we arrived at 8.10. The run down was pleasant but uneventful. Charlotte was at its best, the usual exodus from Rochester, filling every available resort with pleasure seekers. The hotels, lawns, flower beds, etc., are excellently kept, indeed all the appointments are A 1, and an agreeable surprise to those of our party who are here for the first time. Mr. McLaughlin was obliged to leave us for home to-day, much to our regret, but with a promise to rejoin the party later.

Monday, August 5.—Left Charlotte at 4 p.m. Weather, fair; wind, N.N.W. and rather a heavy sea running, but the yacht made splendid going, and was comparatively steady, with staysail and mainsail set. The crew having found their sea legs, were not troubled in the least, and have, fortunately turned out good sailors, taking their grog with good appetites and making no contributions to the fishes. At 7 p.m. the Canadian shore was visible, and shortly after Long Point light loomed up, the sea went down, steam was increased and the yacht rushed on at racing pace, light after light, and point after point being left behind, till at 1 a.m. we tied up at Swift's dock, at Kingston, and wet our whistles.

Tuesday, August 6.—The morning was taken up with putting in fresh stores, coaling, etc. At 1:45 p.m. we start down the river for Clayton, arriving at 3:25, and are joined by Messrs. G. M. Skinner, S. D. Johnston and Mr. Ellis—old river friends—the two former gentlemen continuing with us to the Bay, where we arrived at 5:40, making the run in fifty minutes. Mr. Thos. McIlroy, jr., was a welcome guest for the run from Kingston to the Bay; he was looking for a man named Mahoola who he was told wanted to buy hose; he didn't find him however. Our crew have now become accustomed to the yacht, and well acquainted with each others peculiarities. A cruise will make the most retired disposition open out; our fellows make the most of one's special hobby by good natured raillery, to the great amusement of the crew and our visitors. Nicknames have been distributed with due regard to fitness or in remembrance of some amusing performance or mishap of the recipients. We have had many such absurd events constantly occurring and later on may give a sample or two if space permits. Dinner being over at seven o'clock, most of the crew prepared for the hop at the Thousand Island House, while the balance did the honors on board to our visitors, who expressed their admiration of our boat and her appointments. The evening closed with the usual social concert in the forward cabin, at which the old-time songs were received with much enthusiasm by our Clayton and Thousand Island friends, in memory of the old Condor party, and with regrets that they were not on the river this season. The kid goes to sleep again, he is either noisy or asleep, thank goodness he is generally asleep.

Wednesday, August 7.—8:15 a.m. finds us on our way to Prescott with Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Cox, Mr. J. B. Fitzsimons and Mr. McKillop as guests. The day being delightfully bright, and cool enough to be comfortable, was very enjoyable. On the river you salute everything in passing, and get a prompt response from every craft capable of making a signal; the crew take a personal interest in calling the captain's attention to all such; the whistle therefore is kept constantly going as we fly along, but Huckleberry is not satisfied with this courtesy alone, and has borrowed all the pocket whistles we can beg from the crew, and, seated in the bow, blows a little picayune salute on his own hook, the crew are willing he should use up his surplus wind on strangers, as then we get a rest. Arrive at Prescott 11:15—stopping two hours, have lunch on board, Captain Morgan of the Niagara, being of the party. At 2:55 p.m. we return, calling at Brockville for Toronto papers, procuring which we continue on for the bay and tie up at the Thousand Island dock, its use being kindly tendered us by Mr. Lee, the manager. This has been a most delightful day and a continual surprise to those of our crew who are making their first visit to the Islands.

While at the dock at Prescott a few fishing lines were rigged out, and several fine bass hooked, Mrs. Fred Cox attaining first honors, under the able guidance of that veteran fisherman, Nitchie; this small start has brought on the fever and all go fishing to-morrow.

The dancing contingent were participators his evening in a pleasant German and quiet supper party at the hotel, all enjoying it thoroughly, but the stuff they did talk when they returned to the boat. Signs of infatuation are becoming visible, and the captain will have difficulty when the time comes, to tear his crew away from their several anchors. We are inclined to think he has a kedge on himself.

Thursday, August 8—Fishing Day—We leave at 9 a.m. and run down the river about 12 miles and anchor,—Mrs. Cox and Mrs. McIlroy in addition as guests. Excellent sport was had; a delightful day passed, and we attain the honor of displaying the largest catch of the day on the fish table in front of the hotel, but anyone can tell a fish story, so coil down.

Friday, August 9—Ladies' Day.—Mr. John Carrick arrived to-day, much to the delight of the crew. The said crew hold that its being ladies' day was more than we could resist. Left the Bay at 9 a.m. with the following ladies on board: Miss Sohen, Miss Cady, Miss Adams, Miss Leventritt, the Misses Sinott, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Hyatt, Mrs. and Miss Breukenoff and the Misses Southgate, under whose charge the party was and to whom all are indebted for a most charming day. The yacht was run up the river to the foot of Wolfe Island, and crossing to the Canadian Channel was taken down between the Islands to below the Bay and returned in American Channel—a well chosen and picturesque route and thoroughly enjoyed by all. Huckleberry has again got into trouble, anxious to make himself useful. He loses three pails overboard trying to get water, and punches a hole in another with the lead trying to recover it. What does he want with the water anyway?—he never drinks any. The air, Dad's Dinner Pail, has attained popularity aboard now. 'Huck wonders why! He'll find out when the captain misses those pails next time we swab decks.

Saturday, August 10, 9 a.m.—Trip to Clayton and Kingston, guests, Mrs. Fred Cox, Mrs. McIlroy, Miss E. Southgate, Mrs. Strauss, Mrs. Skinner and Miss Wilson. All the party did the Limestone City thoroughly and returning, had a pleasant half hour at Clayton, arriving home, (as we call the bay), in time for a hearty dinner at 6.30, attended the hop at the hotel after and ended our first week pleasantly, sorry only that it was over. It's amusing how the crew hunt in couples. Here we will call the nick-names to do duty and save blushes.

The Farmer and the Miller's Friend are boon companions, the friendship dating from the moment the latter "busted up the combination" of the Washstand "never to go again," etc. The Blonde and Brunette, Ned and Ted, who do the society news for the party in the forward cabin, when the others would sleep. Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn who do nothing much beyond getting in each other's way, the first with a book he doesn't read and the latter with a puzzle no one wants to solve. The captain and first officer; but they are too deep for us to fathom, they are probably learning the river, they cast their lines in pleasant places assuredly. The Baby and George, who have developed an alarming taste for cottage architecture and have we understand consulted the commodore in reference thereto. The steward and papa—this is the most sensible syndicate of all—the steward consults papa as to what he would like for dinner, and papa consults the steward as to what there is going to be for dinner—both keep posted, the steward tries to buy food that will fill papa up and save expense, but finds that plan a dismal failure, and asked the captain to order papa to bed for a day to give the larder time to catch up and lend tone to the entertainment.

Sunday, August 11.—Yacht remained at dock all day. The morning passed agreeably receiving and returning visits. Mr. Thos. Flynn joined the party this morning, he and the commodore chum at once, another couple in harmony. Attended divine service at Pullman's Island in the afternoon. Retired early (as we were to go fishing on the morrow) all except the Kid who, for some insane reason, kept bleating Mahoola! Mahoola! Mahoola! till we could put up with it no longer and he was promply sat on.

Monday, August 12—Fishing Day.—Guests, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. McIlroy, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Stewart, Miss Bethel, and Miss E. Southgate. Weather, dull with occasional showers; sport, but "so, so," a fair, ordinary catch, nothing more. One of our party hooked a good-sized maskinonge, but not being used to that kind of fish, or afraid of the ordeal of telling his Toronto friends the fish story necessary to arrive at the correct weight of the beauty, failed to land him. Indeed his companion said that if the fish was brought into the boat, he was going out—as Bob says: "This beats farming!" When fishing gets dull, the steward brings out his patent corkscrew and catches a sucker. You do not want to fall foul of that same corkscrew, as many a one has on the river. If you do not know the combination, you might as well try to move the pyramids of Egypt, as the cork from a bottle, and will come to the same conclusion as the steward, that your head is like them self same pyramids, much bulk and little brain. What am I saying, Micky?

Tuesday, August 13—Ladies' Day.—Papa doing the honors—a trip to Brockville—leaving the bay at 9 a.m., doing the town under the guidance of Hon. C. F. Fraser.

Returning, arrived at the bay at 3 p.m. In the afternoon made a trip to Round Island and spent a pleasant hour at Hotel Frontenac, making an engagement to return Wednesday afternoon and remain over night for the hop.

Wednesday, August 14.—The day opened with a heavy rain storm from the east, clearing, however, towards noon. Messrs. McCuaig, Mainwaring, Roberts and Flynn left us to return by mail boat. 'Twas like pulling teeth to have them go; the steward, however, said that now he felt he might get a rest, Papa being among the party going. "Captain, you have no idea of the tribulation I have been in, trying to satisfy that man's hunger; 'twould be the death of him to have the lock-jaw."

Left the bay for Round Island at 2 p.m., and at 3.30 took out a large party of ladies, going up past Clayton to foot of Wolf Island, and, as the weather threatened rain again, returned early, and it was lucky we did, for our guests had no more than reached the hotel when down came the rain, a perfect deluge. It cleared again, however, after dinner and at nine o'clock was pleasant.

The hop in the evening was a great success, it being a special one the numerous island homes in the vicinity were largely represented, our own party making quite a good showing and certainly entering into the spirit and enjoyment of the evening with the greatest zest, and, thanks to the kind attention of Messrs. W. M. Kerr and Mr. Frank P. Dennison, were well favored with partners.

Thursday, August 15.—Left Round Island for the Bay at 10 a.m., and at 2 p.m. ran back to Clayton, arriving there at 3 p.m., stopping an hour, ran down to Round Island, spending another hour there, ran on to the Bay, arriving at 6.45—Mr. Horatio Nelson of Toronto calling on us shortly after. The hop finished the evening. Took leave of Mr. Skinner here, but hope to meet him in town during the Exhibit on week.

Friday, August 16.—Had photograph of yacht taken this morning, and at 11.30 started on our return home, much to our regret, and, we may safely say, to the regret of the many friends we leave at Alexandria Bay. Everything possible to make our stay pleasant has been done by the Bay people, and we shall ever remember our short sojourn with them with feelings of gratitude and the wish that we may be permitted to return in some measure, in our own fair city, the great kindnesses shown us. Round Island and Clayton, too, have secured a warm corner in our hearts, and have our best thanks for their kindness and hospitality. We arrive at Round Island at 12.10 p.m., and in the afternoon play baseball with some of the guests of the hotel, who do us up in fine style; we reluctantly came to the conclusion that as a crew we have no use for baseball. We show to better advantage at the farewell hop in the evening. We gave Mr. Thos. Troy (who has shown us many kindnesses) a send off this afternoon. He won't forget the cheer for many a day, or we him and his kind ways to all.

Saturday, August 17.—Having said our good-byes over night, at 5 a.m. we cast off the lines, and are fairly on our way to Kingston, where we arrived at 7:15, leaving again at 10:45 *via* the Bay of Quinte, *en route* for the newly opened Murray canal, after a delightful run, well repaying us for the altering of our homeward course, we made Deseronto at 3:05 p.m. —distance from Kingston 55 miles—average speed 15 miles an hour. Left Deseronto at 3:37 and arrive at the canal 6:30, passing through by courtesy of the superintendent, reached Brighton 8:15 and tied up for night.

Sunday August 18.—Left Brighton for Cobourg at 9:15 a.m., arriving there 12 noon, where we expected the Commodore to rejoin us for the run of the lake. On going ashore, however, we learn that he unfortunately could not leave business in time to catch us. We therefore start on our last run as soon as possible; at 12:40 have cleared the piers and 1:15 sees us abreast of Port Hope: sighted the Island 5:45, and at 7:15 pass the lighthouse: 7:30 Queen's Wharf, and tie up at our own dock at 7:40, and received a hearty welcome from the Commodore and Mr. R. W. Elliot who drove down from their club to be first to greet us.

Home again all safe and sound not so much as a scratch on the yacht, or a bruise on any of us. The boat behaved admirably in all weathers, kept her steam, and gained it even when pushed as she was occasionally when challenged by the smart craft on the river. We did not claim to beat them all but though not seeking it, took a hint when offered and succeeded in each instance in showing a clean pair of heels; we have not met our equal yet and have quite a reputation on the river as a goer and deservedly so. The comfort of the yacht's appointments were thoroughly enjoyed by our crew and the kindness and thoughtful care shown us by the captain and his officers will ever have our grateful appreciation, nothing was spared that could help to make our trip pleasant and we part to-night with the hearty wish "to the good ship Viola takes her next cruise to the Islands, may we be of her goodly company."

Our last picture of Alexandria Bay is from the deck of the yacht and takes in the aft companion way, where may been seen in abject misery, the Baby and the Brunette, softly singing as follows:

As slow our vessel's dusky track,
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle we're leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
And all the links that bind us;
We'll turn our hearts where'er we roam,
To the girls we left behind us.

Their convalescence will be fully established about the beginning of the next cruise—Viola! Viola! you have much to answer for. The kid is snoring now; don't wake him, for the "turf fire" is burning low. R. F. L.

For Europe

Mr. A. F. Webster, general steamship agent, reports the following passengers booked from Toronto this week for Europe: Miss Florence Marshall, Miss E. Marshall, Mr. Alexander Dupree, Miss Dickie, Mr. E. Meades, Mr. Arthur Meades, Miss Lizzie Meades, Miss Alice Meades, Mr. E. J. Meades, Mr. Meades and wife, Mr. E. J. Edmonds, Mr. A. R. Addcock, Mr. Robert Gill, Mrs. Gill, Mr. E. E. Pettu, Mr. J. McCafferry, Mr. C. Somers, Mr. F. Somers, Mrs. Aitchison, Miss Scott, Miss Keele, Mrs. Rolls, Master Rolls, Mr. Jackson and Miss Jackson.

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Births.

CHICK—On August 16, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Chick—a son, still-born.
CHALCRAFT—On August 14, at Toronto, Mrs. W. E. Chalcraft—a daughter.
DENOVAN—On August 15, at Toronto, Mrs. Allan M. Denovan—a daughter.
JEX—On July 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Jex—a son.
RANSFORD—On August 13, at Clinton, Mrs. John Ransford—a son.
TAYLOR—On August 4, at Toronto, Mrs. G. T Taylor—a daughter.
CASSIDY—On August 8, at Long Branch, Mrs. J. J. Cassidy—a daughter.
WARDE—On August 12, at Toronto, Mrs. J. D. Warde—a daughter.
McBURNEY—On August 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Walter C. McBurney—a son.
JAMIESON—On August 18, at East Rosedale, Mrs. P. Jamieson—a daughter.
DYKES—On August 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Philip Dykes—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—On August 18, at Park Hill, Mrs. Esten Williams of Toronto—a son.
SILCOX—On August 19, at Brighton, Mrs John D. Silcox—a son.
TAYLOR—On August 20, at Township of Hope, Mrs. S. O. Taylor—twin daughters.
BURNS—On August 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Douglas A. Burns—a daughter.
BURNHAM—On August 18, at Toronto, Mrs. Herbert Burnham—a son.
BLATHERWICK—On August 19, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. H. Blatherwick—a daughter.
LOUNT—On August 19, at Brantford, Mrs. George W. Lount—a son, still-born.
LEONARD—On August 18, at Peterborough, Mrs. C. J. Leonard—a son.
PORTEOUS—On August 17, at Kingston, Mrs. Chas. E. Porteous—a daughter.
VYVYAN—On August 4, at Cardiff, South Wales, Mrs. F. A. Vyvyan—a daughter.
KLEIN—On August 19, at Toronto, Mrs. E. E. Klein—a son.

Marriages.

CASSIDY—RICHARDSON—On August 7, at Toronto, W. E. Cassidy to Minnie E. Richardson, all of Toronto.
LEE—JOHNSTON—On July 25, at Toronto, Alex. D. Lee to Lizzie Johnston, all of Toronto.
CLARK—FRALICK—On August 19, at Toronto, S. H. Clark of Toronto, to Annie M. Fralick of Kingston, Ont.
CLIFTON—BUTTERS—On August 14, at Niagara Falls, Ont., Harry P. Clifton to Helen Wallace Butters.
CUTHBERTSON—McLEOD—On August 21, at Toronto, Wm G. Cuthbertson to Nellie McLeod.
SHIELDS—SPACKMAN—On August 14, at Toronto, Jos. E. Shields to Hattie E. Spackman.
SMITH—ROSS—On August 13, at Orillia, R. A Smith of Newmarket to Ida Ross.
SNIDER—WEIR—On August 20, at Toronto, R. Oscar Snider to Annie Weir.

Deaths.

BOWEN—On August 15, at Toronto, Arthur Cummings Bowen, aged 5 years.
GIVINS—On August 15, at Toronto, Elizabeth Givins, aged 74 years.
JOHNSTON—On Aug. at 13, at Bosque County, Texas, U. S., Hugh Johnston of Goderich, Ont., aged 75 years.
SMEDLEY—On August 14, at Toronto, William Smedley, aged 50 years.
BYRNE—On August 16, at Toronto, William Byrne, aged 19 years.
BLEASDELL—On August 16, at Trenton, Rev. William Bleasdell, M. A., aged 72 years.
LYNDE—On August 13, at Whitby, Warner Lynde, aged 77 years.
PAISLEY—On August 14, at Toronto, Irene, the infant daughter of James K. and Minnie B. Paisley.
WELLINGTON—On August 18, at Toronto, Marion Irene Wellington, aged 2 years.
ELLIS—At Niagara Falls, Ont., on August 17, T. F. Ellis.
EMERSON—On August 18, at Toronto, Alex Emerson, aged 69 years.
BROWNING—On August 19, Mrs. Ann Browning, aged 60 years.
DREWRY—On August 15, at Trenton, A. H. Drewry, aged 32 years.
PECK—On August 17, at Shelbourne, Ogle R. Peck of Toronto, aged 35 years.
ANDREWS—On August 20, Mrs. W. G. Andrews, aged 39 years.
LAWRIE—On August 20, at Toronto, Robert Francis, infant son of Justus and Lillian Lawrie.
NEALON—On August 20, at Toronto, James Nealon, aged 40 years.
McCALLUM—On August 20, at King township, York county, Archibald McCallum, aged 79 years.
REDDICK—On August 12, at Port Hope, Olive Agnes, infant daughter of David and Agnes B. Reddick.
FERGUSSON—On August 18, at Fergus, Mrs. George Douglas Fergusson, aged 65 years.
MELVILLE—On August 20, at Collingwood, Andrew Melville, aged 68 years.
PATERSON—On August 19, at Walkerton, Sybella Catherine McLean, infant daughter of J. C. Paterson.
CLARK—On July 29, near Turtle mountain, Dakota, Mrs. John Clark, aged 31 years.
DILLON—On August 5, at Sleaford, England, Mrs. R Dillon.
McNAUGHTON—On August 16, at Newcastle, Ont., Mrs. Andrew M. Naughton, aged 60 years.
LEONARD—On August 22, at Toronto, infant son of J. W. and E. Leonard.
GALNA—On August 16, at Parry Sound, John Alexander, infant son of John Galna.
RAMSAY—On August 21, at Toronto, Mrs. James Ramsay.
McLEOD—On August 19, at Hamilton, John McLeod, aged 76 years.
RICHARDS—On August 19, at Pittsburgh, Pa., Sarah Catharine Richards, aged 14 years.

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